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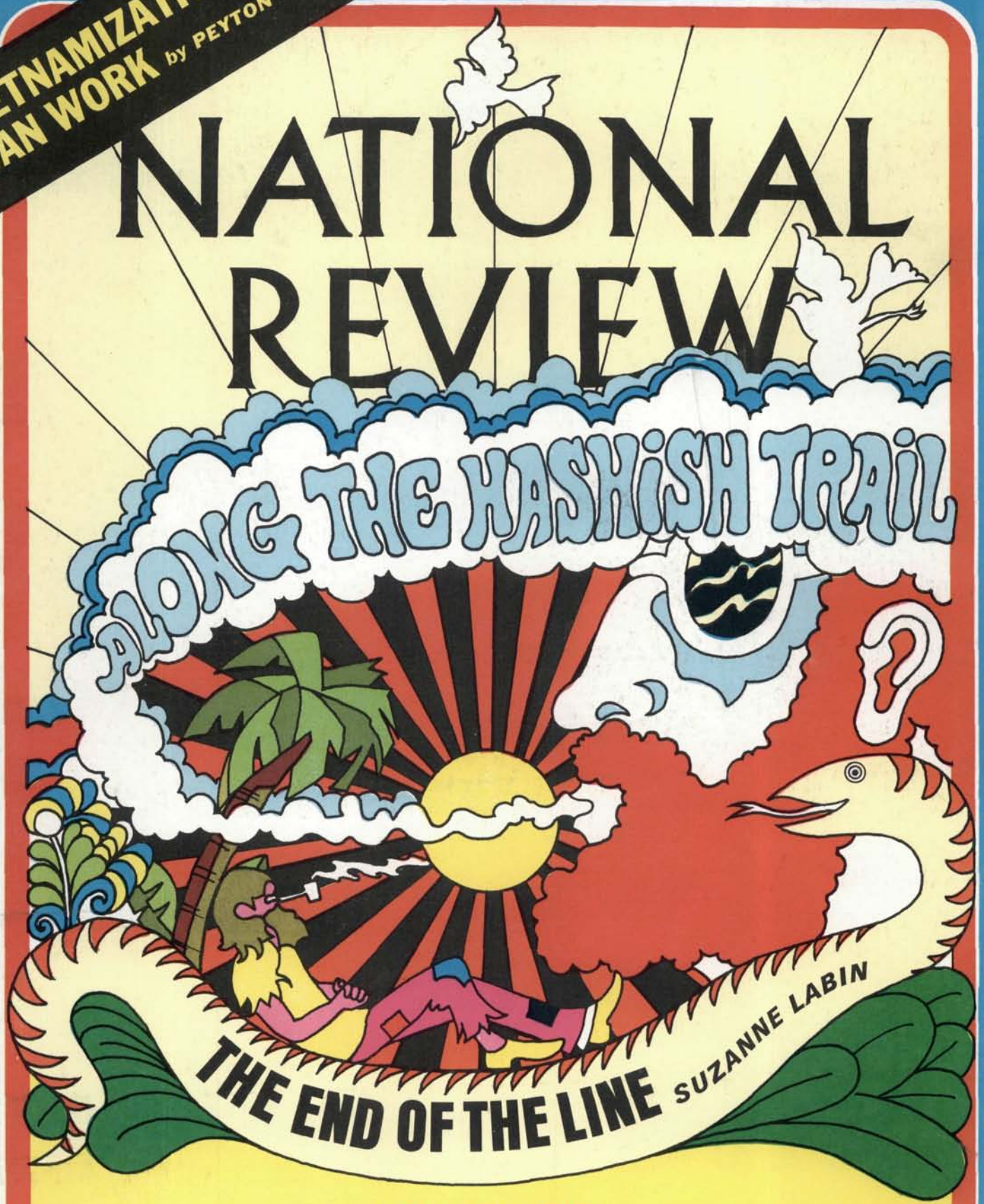
JULY 13, 1971

ETNAMIZATION
CAN WORK by PEYTON LAKE

NATIONAL REVIEW



ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

NO, TO REVENUE SHARING, BY WILLIAM G. FREDERICKS ♦ A 'POPULAR' DICTATORSHIP BY SELDEN RODMAN ♦ WEST GERMANY'S SURPRISING POLL BY KUEHNE[illegible] [illegible]RTICLES BY BURNHAM, KIRK, S.L.A[illegible] [illegible]AM F. RICKENBACKER.

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Can you match up these startling statements about the Negro (and slavery) with the famous Americans who made them?

1. "A black man cannot be a white man . . . He should seek to be, and he should be encouraged to be, the best possible black man, and not the best possible imitation of a white man." (p. 345)

2. "Now, I do not believe that the Almighty ever intended the negro to be the equal of the white man. If he did, he has been a long time demonstrating that fact. For thousands of years the negro has been a race upon the earth, and during all that time, in all latitudes and climates, wherever he has wandered or been taken, he has been inferior to the race which he has there met. He belongs to an inferior race, and must always occupy an inferior position." (p. 127)

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3. "It follows, from what has been stated, that it is a great and dangerous error to suppose that all people are equally entitled to liberty. It is a reward to be earned, not a blessing to be gratuitously lavished on all alike; — a reward reserved for the intelligent, the patriotic, the virtuous and deserving; — and not a boon to be bestowed on a people too ignorant, degraded and vicious, to be capable either of appreciating or of enjoying it." (p. 142)

4. "The old code of equity under which we live commands for every wrong a remedy, but in too many communities, in too many parts of the country, wrongs are inflicted on Negro citizens for which there are no remedies at law. *Unless the Congress acts, their only remedy is in the street.*" (p. 374)

5. "Every man, no matter what his race or color; every earthly being who has an immortal soul, has an equal right to justice, honesty, and fair play with every other man; and the law should secure him those rights . . . This doctrine does not mean that a negro shall sit on the same seat or eat at the same table with a white man. That is a matter of taste which every man must decide for himself." (p. 239)

6. "Suppose Congress should at one vote, or by one act, declare all the negroes in the United States free, in imitation of that great authority, the French sovereign legislature, what would follow? Would the democracy, nine in ten, among the negroes, be gainers? Would not the most shiftless among them be in danger of perishing for want? Would not nine in ten, perhaps ninety-nine in a hundred of the rest, petition their old aristocratical master to receive them again, to protect them, to feed them, to clothe them, and to lodge and shelter them as usual?" (p. 57)

7. "In answer, I say, that, at the time I drew that constitution, I perfectly knew that there did not then exist such a thing in the Union as a black or colored citizen, nor could I then have conceived it possible that such a thing could have ever existed in it; nor, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, do I now believe one does exist in it." (p. 47)

8. "In the slave States the alternative is, that white men must govern the black, or the black the white. In several of these states the number of slaves is greater than that of the white population. An immediate abolition of slavery in them, as *these ultra-abolitionists propose, would be followed by a* desperate struggle for immediate ascendancy of the black race over the white race, or rather it would be followed by instantaneous collisions between the two races, which would break out into a civil war that would end in the extermination or subjugation of the one race or the other." (p. 129)

9. "Now as to the Negroes! I entirely agree with you that as a race and in the main they are altogether inferior to the whites." (p. 301)

10. "The national sword must never be sheathed. South Carolina shall never be shut up like China or Japan against civilization. The doctrine of States Rights, which meant a dungeon for white men to make victims of black men in is exploded forever. — This is the new dispensation. This is the New Testament, 1860 is the blank leaf between the old and the new." (p. 165)

11. "*Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than* that these people are to be free! nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation, peaceably, and in such slow degree that the evil will wear off insensibly, and their place be, *pari passu*, filled up by free white laborers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up." (p. 71)

12. "Compare our slaves with the free blacks of the Northern States, and you will find the one contented, well provided for in all their physical wants, and steadily improving, in their moral condition; the other miserable, impoverished, loathsome for the deformity and disease which follow after penury and vice, covering the records of the criminal courts, and filling the penitentiaries." (p. 173)

13. "I have said that the separation of the races is the only perfect preventive of amalgamation . . . Such separation, if ever effected at all, must be effected by colonization . . . Let us be brought to believe it is morally right, and, at the same time, favorable to, or, at least, not against, our interest, to transfer the African to his native clime, and we shall find a way to do it, however great the task may be." (p. 194)

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There's hardly a man alive who will not be amazed when he reads some of the quotes from this book and discovers *who said what*. Try this quiz yourself. Write the quote numbers on the opposite page in the blank column below, matching each number with the famous American who you think was responsible for the remark. Page references at end of each quote will enable you to score yourself when the book arrives.

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Dwight D. Eisenhower	
John F. Kennedy	
Woodrow Wilson	
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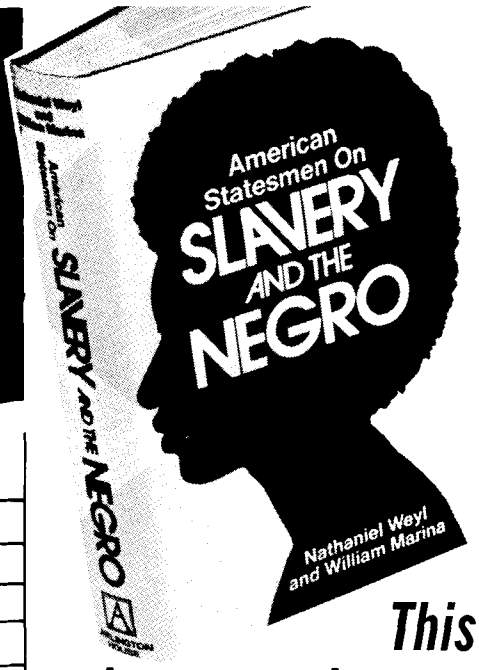

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In This Issue

we are featuring **Suzanne Labin**'s sequel to her new book, *Hippies, Drugs and Sex*, which has already been published in France. Mme. Labin has spent a good part of the last three years studying the drug cult (her last article in *NR* was "A Night with the Drugged Children of America"). However, she continues her work as president of the International Conference on Political Warfare and as a lecturer on Communism. . . . Last fall, **Selden Rodman** reported for us on Bolivia, Peru and Chile; "Paraguay's 'Popular' Dictator" begins a new series on Latin America. Future articles will deal with Brazil and the general leftward trend in Latin America politics. . . . **Peyton M. Lake**, whose "Open Question" is an optimistic view of Vietnamization, served for three years as an officer in the Marine Corps after graduating from Stanford; his service time included a tour of duty in Vietnam, 1967-68. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn**, who reports here on rightist tendencies among German youth, is also preparing for his annual lecture tour, after which he will make a trip to Korea, Vietnam, Manila and Pakistan.

When **John Braine** isn't rereading Charles Dickens, he is busy turning out novels of his own. . . . This is **S. L. A. Marshall**'s second book review for *NR*. He has written extensively on military history, including *Battles in the Monsoon*, a book on Vietnam. . . . **Ronald Berman** is a professor of English at UCal-San Diego; his name was mentioned as a possible candidate for chancellor of UCSD last year. His publications include books on Shakespeare and the seventeenth century, and, most recently, a study of recent American social and political life, *America in the Sixties*. . . . **Edouard Roditi** is American by birth, although he now lives in Paris. Poet, translator, critic, his works include *Prison within Prison: Three Elegies on Hebrew Themes* and *Oscar Wilde*. He has just completed a book on Magellan. . . . **Bernard F. Dick** is an associate professor of comparative literature and English at Fairleigh Dickinson University.

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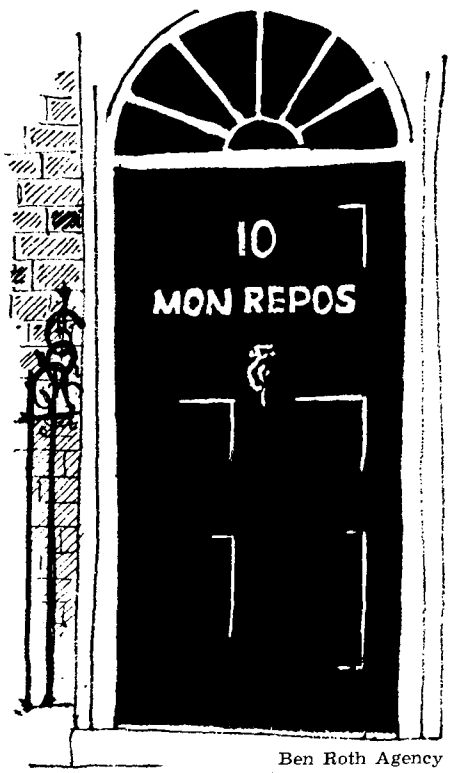
FOR THE RECORD

■ The question is why? Why has **Daniel Ellsberg**, who admits to having leaked top secret government documents to the *New York Times*, picked **Leonard Boudin** as one of his two lawyers? Consider Boudin's record. Made his first national splash as lawyer for Soviet espionage agent **Judith Coplan**. Associated with **National Lawyers Guild** and **Emergency Civil Liberties Union**, both cited as Communist fronts by congressional committees. Has been denied passport by State Dept. as suspected Communist himself (which he denies). His law firm, **Rabinowitz** and Boudin, has represented **Castro** Cuba, was forced under protest to register as agent of foreign government. Has been counsel for **Paul Robeson**, contributed to political campaign of identified Communist **Robert Treuhaft** (**Jessica Mitford**'s husband). Defended **Dr. Spock** in **Boston Five** case; is counsel for the **Harrisburg Eight**. His daughter **Kathy** is wanted by FBI in connection with explosion of a West 11th St. (Manhattan) townhouse a year ago in which several **Weathermen** were killed. Why, of all the lawyers in America, Leonard Boudin?

■ Some old leftist standbys back in the news. Jessica Mitford (*The American Way of Death*) is suing Massachusetts Commissioner of Correction **John Fitzpatrick** for refusing to let her see two prisoners for a book she is doing on U.S. prisons. . . . Rehabilitation of Paul Robeson, also cited in past as a Communist, under way with a) a documentary on his life "The House I Live In," scheduled for release this fall, b) a biography by **Lloyd L. Brown** in the works at Alfred A. Knopf. . . . Already going the rounds, "Angela Like It Is," a documentary interview with **Angela Davis** in which panelists who include Communists and Panthers discuss "the prison system, political repression, racism, and the Angela Davis frame-up" according to *Daily World*. . . . Doing



Ben Roth Agency
Audley, *London Sunday Telegraph*

land-office business among the young, says the *Guardian*: *A Child's Garden of "Grass"* "which tells you everything you always wanted to know about getting stoned." Lots of bookstores won't stock it; it's banned in state of Washington, and reportedly has sold 400,000 copies.

■ Rep. **Paul McCloskey** got the Bronx cheer when he flew to San Mateo, Cal. (his home district) to attend a dinner with Republican National Chairman, Sen. **Robert Dole**, as main speaker. . . . **John Mitchell** not a bit worried about McCloskey. "If you can't get it [the Republican Party] to listen to a **Nelson Rockefeller**," he says, "you're not going to get it to listen to a Pete McCloskey." . . . Hard times ahead for Sen. **Mark Hatfield** (R., Ore.). Recent polls show him down in popularity and both Gov. **Tom McCall** and Congressperson **Edith Green** indicating some interest in primary race next year. Hatfield's standing with Republican regulars not helped by his sponsorship of failed Hatfield-**McGovern** pullout amendment. . . . Looks as if deal may have been made in Texas where Lt. Gov. **Ben Barnes** says he'll run for governor in '72, and not for Senate. If Republicans don't field strong candidate against Barnes will Dems reciprocate in senatorial race against **John Tower**? . . . . Sen. **Robert Griffin** (R., Mich.), also in trouble, seems to think salvation lies in move to left (Michigan GOP is in shambles as result of bitter **Lenore Romney** primary fight a year ago). One evidence: Griffin has called for admission of Peking to UN this fall. . . . Restive **YAF** leadership, which started a **Reagan**-for-President movement but dropped it at Reagan's request, now mounting drive against suspected Nixon softness on Red China. YAF Board last week called upon Administration "not to give respectability to the totalitarian clique of Red China."

■ Names from the Past, International Division: Sudan reportedly is planning show trial this summer of German mercenary **Rolf Steiner**, who figured in both the Katanga and Biafran fighting. One problem: Very little evidence against Steiner who was seized in Uganda, while allegedly training anti-Khartoum guerrillas and turned over to Sudan by President **Milton Obote**, who has himself since been ousted. New rulers refusing to play along. . . . Former Algerian president **Ben Bella** reportedly has married an Algerian journalist. Ben Bella was ousted by **Boumedienne** six years ago, has been under house arrest ever since. . . . At least thirty Katangese gendarmes, who fled the Congo when Katanga fell, reportedly are fighting with Portuguese troops against Angolan rebels. At night, it is reported, they gather in their mess halls and sing, in French, a song called "**Tshombe** will rise again."

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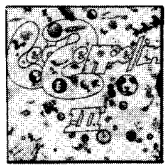

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75002 JACKSON 5
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Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

42665 CROSBY STILLS & NASH
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

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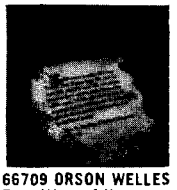

66709 ORSON WELLES Begatting of the President **Media** LP

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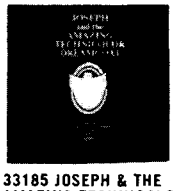

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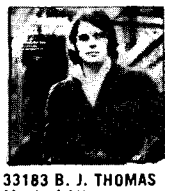

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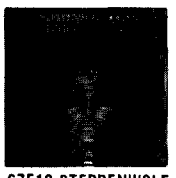

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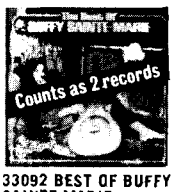

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LETTERS

Campus Opinion

I can't stand it! I can't STAND it. Now that you've managed to ruin my whole summer with your miserable "Opinion on the Campus" [June 15] won't you PLEASE try to find something cheerful to write about?

Princeton, N.J. M. KNUDSEN

"Opinion on the Campus" was in most instances shocking. However, the situation may not be quite as bad as the survey makes it seem.

In the first place, the survey is simply *not* representative of American college students. For example, the *only* college from New York (with 800,000 college students) represented in the survey was Sarah Lawrence. I seriously doubt that one in ten students, even in the metropolitan area, would cite Sarah Lawrence as a particularly influential campus and it certainly is not a typical New York campus.

Seven of the twelve colleges are either in the Northeastern corner of the country or on the Pacific coast. There was also a heavy weighting in favor of the Ivy League sort of campus: though Yale is the only one that is legitimately Ivy League, there are four others in the survey that try to be. And there were no community colleges polled. The point of all this being that a less dismal response might have been received if the survey had been more representative.

I must also take issue with a couple of the conclusions drawn in the article accompanying the statistics. It is not altogether surprising that the students polled would be overwhelmingly in favor of government health insurance (the public at large has likewise bought this bill of goods), or even disarmament (many conservatives would *like* to see disarmament come about, though they realize it is not possible).

It is also disconcerting to find someone who includes himself in the conservative movement using the term "libertarianism" as loosely as the author does. One is "libertarian," according to the article, if one wants to legalize marijuana. I would argue that an elementary lesson of American conservatism is the difference between liberty and the simple absence of restraint. Hence, it might just be possible that laws *prohibiting* marijuana could be necessary to preserve tranquility, and, consequently, liberty.

However, there is still a great deal that is frightening in this survey. Most especially horrifying is the "Better Red" section, illustrating the most significant victory that the Left has won in the past twenty years.

HERBERT W. STUPP
New York State Chairman
Young Americans for Freedom
New York, N.Y.

Vasquez and Columbia

Viva Vasquez! for his exposé of Columbia ["Getting Used to the System," June 1]. As a graduate of City College of New York in June 1970, I feel he and I are true "soulbrothers" under our conservative skins. I had many of the same experiences through school and can only say that Ed hasn't seen anything yet! He should take heart—as I have done since reading his article—that there is more than one conservative who has faced, or is facing, this experience.

Miami, Fla. RONALD NIEVES

Having also just completed my freshman year at Columbia I was extremely interested in Edward Vasquez' article, in which he discussed his Contemporary Civilization course. I too was required to take this course, and I encountered none of the same problems as Mr. Vasquez. I too am "irrepressibly big mouthed," and am more conservative than most of my classmates, but in discussing current political topics in the classroom, I have not felt at all stifled. When taking conservative positions, I found that the professor (who is actually much more liberal than I) often would take a position similar to mine in order to stimulate discussion. This was at times an important role, but his most important contribution was persistent attacks on the logic used by all of us in defending our opinions. By pointing out logically invalid arguments, he kept the quality of thinking at a high level.

After having completed a year at Columbia I find my political ideas more "conservative" and my general outlook on politics less restricted. I have found that my freshman year has liberated me from stereotyped positions and has left me considerably more open-minded. I am now more able to judge ideas on the basis of their merits rather than on the labels ("liberal," "conservative," "radical") affixed to them. I have no reason, other than Mr. Vasquez' statements, to believe that my next three years will not continue this trend.

Storrs, Conn. JAMES S. KORT

It's comforting to know there's one person like Edward Vasquez in the freshman class at Columbia. He cuts through the slogans and hokum that are a travesty upon the knowledge and wisdom of the ages that one expects to find in a university. To say out loud that, indeed, "the emperor is naked" takes a degree of courage. It's a lonely course these days.

Binghamton, N.Y. JOAN MARY MACEY

I just wanted you to know that I could thoroughly identify with Edward Vasquez. As a conservative freshman at the University of Rhode Island, I have encountered very similar situations, when the masses of liberal students have been on my back, and I was left (or should I say right?) alone in a classroom with everyone emotionally against me.

I too have been informed by an instructor that I had had much courage for standing up for what I believed. I imagined that this instructor probably thought that what I believed was quite ridiculous. Anyway, thanks mucho for a splendid article.

Kingston, R.I. CHARLES J. NEVOLA

Apartheid

Tom Stacey's "An Englishman Tries to Understand Apartheid" [June 1] is the most penetrating analysis of the African socio-political complex that I have ever seen. Without emotion and without dogma, he has reached the root of the matter. In fact he seems to have discovered a new principle which might be stated thus: When a primitive and an advanced people live together, peace and order prevail as long as the advanced people rules, but when the primitives acquire political power, disorder erupts.

Chatham, N. J. ELMER C. PAYNE

Tom Stacey's article is an intelligent, sensitive piece of writing. Particularly valuable is his analysis of a people's simultaneous pride and shame toward their own culture. Furthermore, since South Africa is not likely to abolish apartheid just to please us, the conclusion to which the article comes is a comfortable one.

Unfortunately, a few doubts remain. Consider Mr. Stacey's explanation of why so many blacks enter South Africa: "The multifarious forms of discrimination, which can appear so offensive to the sensitive eye of the outsider, not only do not pierce as the outsider would imagine, but are (for the most part) an acceptable part of a hierarchy that, by reflecting an intuitively perceived reality, comforts rather than irritates." This is not entirely convincing, both because there are a great number of blacks who say that discrimination does in fact "pierce," and because this seems to ignore part of the preceding description of black Africans' neurosis, which the author says does exist in white-dominated societies, although not as markedly as in the independent black nations.

Granted, Mr. Stacey does hope and ex-

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pect that apartheid will disappear of itself, but that prediction is based on an awfully uncertain condition: "*If* today's mood of confidence and peace prevails . . ." One hopes that his optimism is justified.

Ashton, Ore. JOHN PETERSEN

Little Big Man

Stimulated by Messrs. Litwin and Brudnoy ["Letters," June 1], I betook myself to see *Little Big Man*, which I found to be a mildly entertaining satire in the picaresque, *Till Eulenspiegel* tradition. It is assuredly not Mr. Litwin's left-wing "racial propaganda" (the Indians are often both savage and silly); but to say with Mr. Brudnoy that *LBM* is "rivaled only by *Patton*, perhaps," is like saying that as a satirist Smollett is rivaled only by Swift, perhaps. Nor can I accept Mr. Brudnoy's contention that the hero's being Caucasian is a point in our favor. Hoffman, as usual, portrays an anti-hero—self-indulgent, fun-loving, cowardly, a drifter without purpose or ideals.

Moreover, the film is riddled with flaws. In the light of his intervening escapades, Hoffman's persistent naïveté in Miss Dunaway's presence is, to say the least, improbable. The "gay" Indian brave is so gross an adaptation of European homosexual traits to buckskin as to be more grotesque than amusing. Custer's egomaniacal petulance is too heavily caricatured; he might have been a delightful egoist, but as it is he is merely tiresome. On behalf of the film and against Mr. Litwin, however, I would draw attention to the sentimental liberal (the aged Little Big Man's supercilious interviewer) who was pinned so nicely, if ever so briefly, to the wall.

Patton will be remembered—as *LBM* will not. It remains a sometimes diverting and seldom offensive satire of Western folklore and the Tall Tale. If as a nation we are seriously harmed by such satiric thrusts as these, we are in sad shape indeed!

Lincoln, Neb. R. D. STOCK

Yale on the Military

The article by W. W. Yale ["The Climate's All Wrong," June 15] certainly made many worthwhile points. I think, however, that the author's reference to the "hodge-podge 'system' " of forming combat units which was used in World War II and Korea is misleading. An infantry unit engaged in active combat, by definition, was constantly faced with the problem of replacing daily casualties.

This system of replacement which in the author's opinion produced "ludicrous units" in both wars, which we did not lose, apparently had some military merit. (I say "did not lose" because it becomes progressively more apparent that the concept of winning either has lost its meaning or has so many meanings that none of us knows exactly what is meant. So perhaps the word "lose" simplifies the whole matter.)

I believe this criticism of the author's opinion does, however, substantiate his more general thesis that what the Commission has done has been of little or no benefit to the President of the United States in devising the general system of defense.

Wellesley, Mass. WALTER L. CASSIDY M.D.

W. W. Yale's statement that Norwich University has ". . . abandoned military disciplines in order to stay in business" is completely erroneous. Norwich begins its 153rd year a private military college next fall with no plans whatsoever for abandoning or altering its Corps of Cadets system.

GEORGE R. TURNER
Director of Public Relations
Northfield, Vt. Norwich University

Politics in Philly

Laureate W. H. von Dreele's poem in the June 1 issue may be delightful verse, but "A Perfectly Logical Conclusion" it is not. Knowing *NR*'s fascination with logic (albeit of an archaic, Aristotelian sort), I was astounded to see the Bard of Hudson fall into the oldest trap of all, the enemies-of-our-enemies-are-our-friends gambit.

I realize all New Yorkers think the sun rises in the East and sets in the Hudson, but even an elementary knowledge of the history of recent Philadelphia politics should convince you that rejoicing over Rizzo is inappropriate, to put it mildly. I remember him when he was a promotion-hungry captain in the northeast part of the city, grabbing headlines by staging overwhelming raids on popular bars and jazz parlors, looking for patrons under the legal age. Continued shows of force (without any measurable achievements) and press conferences, plus some shrewd peacemaking with the city's extraordinarily (even for Philadelphia) corrupt Democratic machine, put him where he is today.

One of the classical dilemmas for conservatives is the necessity for voting for the least bad candidate when there is no good, let alone best, man running.

Arlington Heights, Ill. ROBERT M. STRIPPY

More on Snowflakes

Thomas H. Jukes commented ["Letters," May 18] on the supposed inaccuracy of a passing statement concerning the number of snowflakes needed to cover the state of Tennessee with ten inches of snow ["The Week," March 9]. It seems, by his calculations, the numbers quoted would make snowflakes bigger than life. However, if we again take those 2.78 x 10^{16} snowflakes and divide them into 42,244 x 5,280 x 5,280 x 144 x 10 cubic inches, our efforts show that snowflakes occupy .061 cubic inches: *not* "more than half a cubic inch" as Mr. Jukes thinks.

It is not the mathematicians who need a refresher course in statistics, but rather Mr. Jukes who should brush up on basic powers of ten.

Bayside, N.Y. PETER R. COOK

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THE WEEK

■ EXTRA! JOHN LINDSAY DISCOVERS THE IRON CURTAIN. "Jews in the Soviet Union have been denied cultural and religious freedom," notes the mayor, in letter to USIA urging Yiddish-language broadcasts.

■ In the time it takes you to read this item, the taxpayers of America will pay $10,000 in interest on the national debt.

■ The Communist Party, everyone has been telling us for years, is dead. It's just not with it. The vibrant, idealistic young people become Maoists or Guevarists, SDSers or Black Panthers. There are more FBI agents than Communists in the CPUSA. Right? Well, how about this statement, from a (sympathetic) article on Angela Davis in the *New York Times Magazine*: "It is not to belittle the seriousness of her situation to say that she has the best-organized, most broad-based defense effort in the recent history of radical political trials—more potent than that afforded to any of the Panther leaders or the Chicago Seven. Much of the strength of the campaign is due to the considerable resources which the Communist Party, U.S.A., still alive and kicking after many lean years, is putting into the struggle. And, as one Bay Area radical put it: 'If there's one thing the CP does well, it's organizing a legal defense.' "

■ The welfare state, as we have all been taught, was perfected in Scandinavia. Accordingly, it is worth paying attention to its metabolism there. Denmark has issued a report called Planning in Perspective 1970-1985. By 1985, the Danish state will be spending 58 per cent of the national income (by contrast, all governments in the U.S. spend approximately 33 per cent). But this rise gets in the way of other Danish impulses. In recent years, Danes have increased private consumption at a rate of 4.8 per cent annually. If government is going to spend 58 per cent of the swag, that will have to be drastically reduced to 2.2 per cent. And, in order to dispose of 58 per cent of national income, every 2.6 Danes will have to come up with the salary for one Danish bureaucrat. Recently, Danes were canvassed on allied questions. "Would you pay more taxes to get more welfare?" Answer No—85 per cent. They are talking now about the idea of "elective welfare," i.e., those who want to trade taxes for extra welfare may do so, those who don't need not, a forward-looking proposal discovered by conservatives approx. nineteenth century.

■ It's getting hard to defect from the Soviet Union these days. Anatol Fedosseiev, reported to be a top man in their space program, tried it at an international air show in France. The French (who forced a would-be Chinese defector to change his mind two months ago) feared that his action would cause the Russians to pick up their planes and fly home in a huff, and thus wouldn't take him in. When he threatened to denounce them to the world, they packed him off to NATO headquarters, whence he made his way to England. It remains to be seen how much Fedosseiev can tell us: His name is virtually unknown in space science circles, which, the way they do things over there, could mean that he's a nobody or that he's very, very important.

■ They are advertising a movie (*10 Rillington Place*) as the tale of the execution in England of one Timothy Evans about whom, when it transpired that he was really innocent of the crime for which he had been convicted, a fit of remorse set in which resulted in the abolition of capital punishment. It is not publicized that the commission that established Evans' innocence of the murder of his child, added that the evidence showed that "it was more probable than not" that Evans *had* murdered his own wife. Moral: where possible, murderers should be punished in the name of the victim they actually killed. Jonathan Swift had an easier view of it . . . *"I was this forenoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon who is condemned for a rape. The Under-Secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished; but I told the Secretary he could not pardón him without a favorable report from the judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What! I must stand up for the honor of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred time before; but what care I for that? What! Must a woman be ravished because she is a whore? The Secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week . . ."*

(*Journal to Stella*, July 19, 1711)

■ THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND. Through leads given by intercepted Vietcong radio messages, the Saigon police recently thwarted a Vietcong plan to kidnap and

This Is Ping-Pong?

Tasmania's tied to Australia;
  Minorca's cemented to Spain.
No Greek would retreat from governing Crete;
  The Azores are Lisbon's domain.
The Keys are American islands;
  The Shetlands belong to the Queen.
But letting Taiwan revert to the Khan
  Can only be labeled obscene.

W. H. VON DREELE

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assassinate N. F. J. Mercer, First Secretary of the British Embassy, as part of an operation directed against President Thieu. Mr. Mercer's cook and the cook's wife had been involved in the plot, and were arrested and jailed along with a number of other Vietcong agents. "He was a rotten cook anyway," commented Mr. Mercer. "I was glad to see the back of him."

■ Pity the Marxists. They will have to explain why the judicial system that exists to enforce the interests of the reactionary class of capitalist rulers of aggressive monopoly-imperialism can be counted on to liberate almost any defendant who has had the foresight to say he carried out his presumptively illegal deeds as acts of defiance against said rulers. If you really want to stay out of jail, be sure you come with some revolutionary or at least anti-government talk when you tear up your draft card, throw a bomb, pilfer secret documents or shoot up cops and judges. Not surprising, under the circumstances, to read the Supreme Court opinion reversing Muhammad Ali's conviction for draft evasion. No hard feelings. Our country is big enough to afford a few eccentrics, and we could hardly ask for one more picturesque than Cassius Clay.

■ Mr. Wayne Johnson is a history major and chairman of the YAF chapter at Purdue University. On April 23, as he crossed campus, he met a mob of New Leftists cheering for the North Vietnamese to gun down more American aircraft and waving a Vietcong flag. Mr. Johnson tore the flag from their hands and destroyed it. The New Leftists pressed charges. Mr. Johnson is now being prosecuted by the Lafayette, Ind. prosecutor for committing a felony. Not a misdemeanor. A felony. Indiana YAFers have set up a National Committee to Free Wayne Johnson. If you'd like to help with Johnson's defense, write the Committee at P.O. Box 91, Ellettsville, Indiana 47429. Chairman of the Committee is R. Emmett Tyrrell, editor in chief of the *Alternative*.

■ Berkeley has always provided abundant opportunities for the practical application of what is taught. But Marianne Alireza threw herself into her postgraduate work in social anthropology with a zest unusual even for Berkeleyites. A publisher's advertisement for her book, *At the Drop of a Veil*: "Mrs. Alireza's unconventional marriage had an even more extraordinary denouement. It began as an intercultural student idyll at Berkeley . . . catapulted her into a traditional Saudi Arabian harem; then, roughly a decade later and without warning, a peremptory Moslem divorce left her with no choice but the absurd and risky one of kidnaping her own children."

■ Closing: The Fillmores (East and West), after packing 'em in since the mid-Sixties to hear all the best rock bands. Because, says owner-impresario Bill Graham, "in 1965 . . . I associated with and employed 'musicians.' Now, more often than not, it's with 'officers' and 'stockholders' in large corporations—only they happen to have long hair and play guitars." Translation: The bands want too much money; can get richer faster making records. Festivals came and went; now live concerts seem to be on the way out. With the you-are-there excitement taken away from it, rock itself may be next to go.

■ The sun never sets on the public trough.

The Counter-Government and the Pentagon Papers

There are several different frames within which we may fit a discussion of the Pentagon Papers. The structure of constitutional law makes up one of these, within which the jousting between the press and the Department of Justice has been taking place. There are also the frames of criminal law, which have been made relevant in the case of Daniel Ellsberg, and of historical scholarship. Both these latter will be getting plenty of attention in the months and no doubt the years to come. At the moment we want to ruminate a bit within a fourth, the political framework. Who, through the conveying and publication of the Pentagon Papers and the ensuing flap, is trying to do what to whom? We do not mean this multiple question as it may apply to this or that individual. Any given individual among the many whose names are appearing along the line may have acted, or be acting, from any of a great variety of subjective motives—guilt, heroism, treachery, greed, revenge or what not. We are concerned, rather, with actual public consequences of the flap in terms of interests, forces, factions and parties.

Looked at formally and superficially, the Papers would seem to affect primarily, for better or worse, the officials of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. If it is true (as the media take for granted) that the Papers prove something horrible about the way the United States Government has conducted the war and dealt with the citizenry, then it would seem to be Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and their Democratic Party aides who are shown to be to blame for the horrors. The project was concluded in 1968; so, formally, it has nothing to do, plus or minus, with the Nixon Administration.

But, obvious as such distinctions seem to be, they have nothing to do with the political reality. The principal thrust of this whole affair, as it develops within the existing political context, operates against Richard Nixon and *his* Administration, in spite of the fact that they do not figure in the Papers. This becomes quickly apparent in the events. The Pentagon project was initiated by the Kennedy-Johnson official Robert McNamara, reportedly at Robert Kennedy's suggestion. It has been in one after another of the leading anti-Nixon newspapers that the Papers have appeared: *New York Times*, *Washington*

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Mills welfare-reform bill faces a fight in the Senate despite strong Administration support. Nebraska Republican Carl Curtis has introduced a substitute bill that contains a number of conservative principles. Surprisingly the Curtis bill is given a fair chance of replacing the Mills bill if the unusual coalition backing it can hold together.

During the fight for the Mills bill in the House, the Administration pulled out all stops, not so much because the President favors the Mills version of welfare reform specifically but because the Administration believes it can take credit for *any* version of welfare reform that passes the 92nd Congress. It is the concept, not the specifics, that the President is interested in.

In his effort to block the Mills bill, Curtis got a strong assist in the House. John Duncan (R., Tenn.), who had backed the welfare-reform bill worked out by Chairman Wilbur Mills in the House Ways and Means Committee, introduced the Curtis bill in the House with sixteen cosponsors. Duncan explains that the Mills bill was "the best we had at the time" and therefore should have been backed. But the Curtis version seemed better for a number of reasons. It provides, among other things, that responsibility for administering welfare would return to the states, whereas the Mills bill would mean an immense increase in the HEW bureaucracy, plus potentially greater control of expenditure from Washington.

The maneuvering to get the Curtis-Duncan bill before the House brought about a strange alliance: conservative Republicans, liberal Republicans, Southern Democrats, the Democratic Study Group and the Black Caucus. On some votes, H. R. Gross (R., Iowa), Ronald Dellums (D., Cal.), Ogden Reid (R., N.Y.), Otto Passman (D., La.), and Bella Abzug (D., N.Y.) worked for the Duncan bill, with the local control they all support, but for different reasons.

With White House aid the Mills bill passed the crucial House votes. But the bill lost about a third of the House Republicans on almost every roll call and will face rough sledding in any House-Senate conference committee.

In the Senate Finance Committee, of which Curtis is a member, the Curtis alternative stands a good chance. Senator Curtis may be able to pick up GOP conservatives Paul Fannin (Ariz.) and Clifford Hansen (Wyo.). Among Republicans, Len Jordan (Idaho) and Wallace Bennett (Utah) are likely converts to the Curtis measure while the Mills bill will be backed by GOP Whip Robert Griffin (Mich.) and probably by maverick-Republican Jack Miller (Iowa). Committee Chairman Russell Long (D., La.) is uncommitted and unpredictable, but Curtis looks for support from Harry Byrd (Ind.-D., Va.) and Herman Talmadge (D., Ga.). Should the Mills proposal be blocked in committee and the Curtis version adopted, the latter will pick up some liberal support.

Another plus for the Curtis-Duncan bill is that it would reduce case loads for social workers in the welfare area, whereas the Mills bill would tend to increase them. Curtis-Duncan gives the states more flexibility in deciding their own work requirements—who is able-bodied and should work etc.—and in setting up job-training programs to move able-bodied, but unskilled, welfare recipients into the job market. As legislation for welfare reform goes, the Curtis bill is imaginative in concept and should appeal to a fairly large constituency. Its future will be worth watching.

■ Among possible problems for conservatives in the 1972 Senate races is a contest between two conservatives in South Carolina. One of the Democrats frequently mentioned as an opponent to Republican Senator Strom Thurmond is veteran Congressman William Jennings Bryan Dorn, a conservative. Although relatively young, Dorn has amassed considerable seniority in the House, and in a Thurmond-Dorn contest, conservatives would inevitably lose at least Dorn's House seniority.

Thurmond's potential Democratic opponents on the left include Governor John Paul West and former Governor Robert McNair. Few observers expect a bangup Democratic primary, however. The personal animosity between McNair and West might cause some contention, but it's unlikely either will let the rivalry come to a major collision in full view of the voters. Dorn is not expected to make the race unless the field is clear on his left. So the issue among South Carolina Democrats will probably have to be settled behind closed doors in the next ten months.

—CATO

Post, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *Chicago Sun-Times*, *Boston Globe*, *Christian Science Monitor*. (By the same rule, it was to the leading anti-Administration paper of that time, the *Chicago Tribune*, that the World War II leaks flowed.) It is anti-Nixon CBS-Establishmentarian Walter Cronkite who got the interview with Ellsberg. It is the conspicuously anti-Nixon columnists and commentators who have been gleefully exploiting the Papers, along with many of the very persons, now out of government, who were involved in the Kennedy-Johnson conduct of the war (and who found no occasion then to speak out against it).

Conversely, it has been the Nixon Administration and its supporters who have come forward to defend, if not the entire record, at least what they take to be the basic integrity of the conduct of the United States Government in relation to the war and this present affair. It was President Nixon's Attorney-General—who else could it have been?—who moved against the purveyor of classified documents and the publication of those he deemed dangerous to the nation. It is the generally pro-Nixon press (like NATIONAL REVIEW, for one instance) that has refused to see the Papers as proof of Satanic villainy and corruption of the American people, nation and institutions.

There is nothing mysterious about this. By virtue of his being the incumbent head of government, the war in Indochina—whatever war might have been going on—becomes Richard Nixon's war, whether or not he had anything to do with its prior course. The weight of its history, and the blame or praise, come inevitably to rest on his shoulders.

The Pentagon Papers affair surfaces as an incident in the antiwar campaign. But the antiwar campaign—

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though it comprises also a number of other, opportunistically linked elements—is in today's circumstances only an incident, or phase, of the campaign to defeat Richard Nixon in the 1972 election. The Pentagon Papers affair is a battle in the struggle for power: the struggle for the world's foremost political prize—control of the government of the United States.

Of course, this is not the way everyone taking part in the antiwar campaign understands it. Many on the left and pacifist fringes or among the Republican doves have something quite different in mind. Nevertheless, this is the direction of the political thrust. There are many citizens, with many powerful resources, who, though differing much on other aims, are determined that in 1972 Nixon shall not pass; as of the present they all believe they can promote their goal by exploitation of popular weariness with the war. The chief forces that seek to assure that outcome and profit by it—the leaders of the Democratic Party and their backers in business and labor, the intellectual establishment, the major media—are risking a kind of united front with some whose antiwar, anti-Nixon position is only a derivative of a total revolutionary break.

Except just prior to the Civil War, the opposition to an incumbent administration has never pressed so far as today's. It constitutes an embryonic "counter-government" (see also "Newthink," in this section), operating inside as well as outside the regular government. This counter-government has been showing itself during the past two years in the demonstrations and "revolts" staged by some government employees and officials in HEW, the Justice Department, the State Department and various civil rights and poverty agencies. These dissidents link up readily with the radical blocs in the professional associations and university faculties; and they make contact with the respectable big divisions of the counter-government in Congress and the media. As a counter-government, it does not recognize the authority of the regular government to determine policy. The counter-government makes its own decisions about peace and war, friend and enemy, classifying or declassifying documents. As always within the political frame, the central question must become: Who shall be master in the house?

Newthink

Conceptually, it is easy enough to engineer a vast change in the way in which Red China is perceived. But though the techniques are well-known, the whole operation is time-consuming and requires plenty of hard work. Still, the thing can be done, most certainly by next fall, when Red China's admission to the UN will be up once again —such admission being, needless to say, only a preliminary item on the over-all agenda. At the present time, the image-changing machinery is moving into high gear.

Item: Recently, the advisory Council of the Fund for Peace met in the Regency Suite at the Pierre Hotel, about 125 persons attending. Their purpose was to discuss the fall "Convocation" which the Fund, a big-name liberal organization, is planning on the subject of Red China. Among the speakers at the Pierre were Najeeb Halaby of Pan Am, who underlined Pan Am's desire to fly to Shanghai, and Harrison Salisbury of the *Times*, who said that things were moving at such a pace that "much sooner than we suppose" we will be having trade and travel relations with the mainland. Red Chinese representatives, he noted meaningfully, might well be attending the fall Convocation. Robert Roosa, chairman of the Convocation, pointed out that the more people who attended the Convocation the greater would be the incentive for the Chinese to participate. Material regarding the Convocation, it was disclosed, is in the process of being translated into Chinese and shipped to Chou En-lai.

Item: The *Times* recently ran a three-part page-one series of articles filed from Peking by Seymour Topping, assistant managing editor. These articles richly repay minute examination. They are, first of all, factually very informative. However, the image of China that comes through the articles is in constant flux, like something seen through layers of moving water. Some of Topping's content is negative. He points out that "there is no pretense of toleration of individualism or freedom in the Western context" (though what those four last words mean remains a little obscure: freedom and individualism being fairly recognizable in any "context"). He also notes that "the sophisticated Chinese taste for beauty and grace in art finds little satisfaction in Maoist society" (the word "sophisticated" here operates ambiguously, taking much of the sting out of the assertion that "beauty" and "grace" are "little" found). And Topping concedes that China is as committed as ever to world revolution. But much—probably most—of the series is given over to a virtual panegyric on Mao's accomplishments. China is producing a new "Maoist man," rather vaguely specified, and enjoys "relative stability, prosperity and surface tranquility." The "great bulk of the population are [sic] apparently favorable to the system because they believe they have a stake in it. . . . Ordinary Chinese carry themselves with a new dignity and respond to the exhortations of the party, which tells them, 'You are the masters of the new society.' . . . The improvement in the physical condition of the people since the Communist takeover in 1949 is staggering. . . . The writer wandered unescorted down some back streets without seeing sanitary conditions as bad as in New York ghettos. . . . Among Chinese today there seems to be more of a feeling of kinship than in the old society. . . . Crime does not seem to be a major problem," and so on. Then there are the mobile passages, terrifying when you ponder them, but, in Topping's carefully provided context, somehow positive: "In China today one sees everywhere evidence of what people power—enormous numbers of men and women equipped with only primitive tools but all thinking and acting in concert—can accomplish."

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Topping's *political* message, however, ticks away like a delayed action bomb until well on into the third and last installment. *"There is no prospect for a substantial improvement in government-to-government relations with the United States until the Taiwan issue is resolved. Peking insists that the United States remove its security screen from the island. . . . Observers feel that what danger exists of a war between the United States and China now lies not in Southeast Asia but in the Taiwan Strait."* Note: *Taiwan*, now, *not* Vietnam, is the "threat to peace."

Item: Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, first Jerome Cohen, director of East Asian Studies at Harvard, demanded that the interests of the U.S. call for "prompt admission of Peking to the UN as *sole* [italics added] China representative." Then Barbara Tuchman told the same committee that the U.S. erred in its "desperate attachment to decrepit and outworn regimes which, lacking roots in popular consent, could not stand on their own feet without our support. This was as true of the Nationalist government under Chiang Kai-shek as of our current ally in Saigon."

Item: The struggle is on to determine the character of our coming Asian affairs establishment. C. L. Sulzberger is nominating John Paton Davies, in recent years quite sensible in his pronouncements, and James Reston has his own list of nubile China hands. But pay careful attention to a new and aggressive young organization, the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, which broke in a leftward direction from the older Association of Asian Studies. This group looks to the old Lattimore circle for its intellectual paternity, and regards the "middle" generation of Asian scholars—Fairbank, Barnett, Scalapino, et al.—as burnt-out cases left over from the McCarthy era. The Concerned Asian Scholars, writes Jonathan Mirsky, Co-Director of the Dartmouth East Asia Studies Center, in a letter to the *Times*, regards the Maoist "experiment [as] a great, and even a noble one."

Analysis: Pursuing his own moves in balance of power politics, President Nixon has moved cautiously to improve relations with Red China. The counter-government, however, prominently represented by the *Times*, even as, with the Pentagon Papers, it moved to pre-empt the determination of Vietnam policy, desires to go much further and much faster than the Nixon policy envisions. It is now conditioning the public for the sacrifice of our strategic position on Taiwan. But to the left of the counter-government, an important faction of Asia specialists, entranced by the "great" and "noble" experiment, is itself moving to determine the character of the *academic* discussion of China policy—even as their intellectual ancestors did in the Thirties and Forties.

John Tower's Agony

A senator from Texas, John
Feels definitely put-upon.
Back home in Austin, people cuss
Because their kids will have to bus.
They turned to John for sympathy
(John's in the Texas GOP)
And told him: Look, if you're with us
Get Washington to kill the bus.
And so, as Wallace rooters smirked,
John Tower tried—but nothing worked.
He called in every IOU
He wept at HEW.
John Mitchell offered to "go slow."
Dick Nixon said he shared his woe.
That means his only hope for life
Is calls from Mr. Mitchell's wife.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Education of Pat Moynihan

In an often profound and generally magnificent interview with British journalist Henry Brandon featured in the *New York Times Magazine*, Daniel Patrick Moynihan reflects on his experiences with the Nixon Administration. Moynihan has always been receptive to messages from reality, this receptivity being one of his great strengths as a social scientist, though it has inevitably plunged him into controversy, as in his report on the condition of the Negro family and in his "benign neglect" memorandum of a year ago.

Well, Moynihan, how has life been back at Harvard among the freedom-lovers and adventurous thinkers? Moynihan: "I remarked during a particularly long and ferocious cold spell in January that I expected it to be chilly, but I didn't think it would be consistently six degrees below zero." The students, however, have been okay.

He had served both Kennedy and Johnson before signing on with Nixon. "I can't conceive any reason for having lived through the 1960s if it is not to have learned how mistakes are made in government."

Working with Nixon, Moynihan's stereotypes dissolved. "I learned a good deal about Republicans. I began to acquire a sense of the differences among them. All Republicans used to look alike to me."

Is there an academic-media complex, even as charged by Agnew? Sure there is: "There is no question about the genuine imbalance between the intellectual-academic-literary-media resources liberals have in this country as against conservatives. . . . This is serious. . . . The social sciences are dominated by the opinion in a fairly narrow range of the full spectrum. This is not healthy. . . . A year ago the overwhelming majority of elite college students firmly believed that the government in Washington was carrying out a program of deliberate political murder against the Black Panthers. They really believed it, although it was absolutely untrue. The newspapers made it true. . . . I feel strongly that right now there is a disproportionate amount of influence exercised by an elitist minority in the country. By and large I find that its definition of politics at this moment is so colored, so affected by a near-loathing for the country itself that

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nothing very healthy comes out of it."

Has Nixon, as often charged, failed to exercise "moral leadership"? "We went from great expectations to great crisis to a time of steady on. The center has held. . . . Moral leadership does not consist simply of subscribing to precisely those enthusiasms of the rather small group of people who tend to define the appropriate moral leadership of the moment. One form of moral leadership is to suggest the country calm down a bit. One form of moral leadership might be to say that the national government ought not to associate itself with enterprises it cannot succeed in carrying through."

Is Nixon really a sort of respectable totalitarian, as Tom Wicker and others are in the habit of charging? "He is a civil man with a sustained capacity to understand that not everybody agrees with him, a genuine concern that people should not feel reluctant to disagree with him."

Should we, as C. Wright Mills once urged, in a sort of kick-off for the 1960s, transform all private difficulties into public causes? "We obviously have got to find techniques whereby people work out their personal situations in life in satisfactory ways which are not political ways. The great curse of our time is totalitarianism, to politicize all things."

Moynihan is not exactly a conservative, but neither is he exactly a liberal either. Perhaps he is a sort of Grand Whig. Yet we note that the word "conservative" has for him a positive connotation, as when he describes the Family Assistance Plan as "a solid conservative idea."

If they won't eat lunch with him at the Harvard Faculty Club, well, he can come on down here and eat lunch with us.

The Parochial Schools

The Supreme Court decision, only Justice White dissenting, in the case involving state aid to parochial schools a) is bad law and bad history, b) is both ethically and philosophically indefensible, and c) will do nothing, in view of the intellectual quality of the opinion written by Chief Justice Warren Burger, to resuscitate respect for the Court; but, d) if it succeeds in providing a coup de grâce to the parochial school system, this will be, practically speaking, an ironic retribution for many of them.

First of all, the First Amendment was written at a time when education was everywhere in America religious in character and usually under the supervision of the churches. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that the framers of the Constitution saw nothing peculiarly un-American in an education colored by religion or even centrally religious. Furthermore, the constitutional tradition, contrary to what the Chief Justice appears to believe, is not neutral on the value of religion, but rather positive. Tax exemption for churches, the institution of military chaplains, and countless other features of the American system have steadily affirmed the positive value of religion for the secular order.

Secondly, as the costs of education have steadily risen —with the increases in teacher's salaries, and the rising cost of books, equipment, buildings and so on—Catholics as well as the members of other religions have in effect been obliged to pay twice for education: once through taxes to support the public school system, and once again to support the desired religious one. If, indeed, the constitutional tradition were neutral on the subject of religion, this double imposition would still be a clear violation of the equal protection clause. But, as we have seen, the tradition is not neutral, but positive.

Only if the constitutional tradition were negative would the Burger argument make sense at all. Is the Burger argument, therefore, innovative—changing the constitutional tradition in a negative direction? It would seem that this is what it does. No one can be so naive as to suppose that any such thing as an ideologically, morally or religiously neutral education exists. The ideology of the public school system is recognizably secularist. The exclusion of religious content from the teaching of history, ethics, the social sciences and so on is not a neutral act, but an ideological one. The effect of the Court's decision therefore is precisely the establishment of such secularism as the state's ideology, as the preferred moral content of the curriculum. And since secularism, anthro-

New York Post

"Pardon me, would this be a good time to ask about your efforts to impeach a member of the Supreme Court?"

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pologically, qualifies as a religion, such establishment is, logically, in violation of the establishment clause of the First Amendment.

Ludicrously enough, however, at the very moment when the parochial schools are being bombed by the Court as too religious, many of them are themselves becoming highly secularized, the grade-school texts pumping out all the banalities of secular liberalism, the informing ideology resembling that of the flower children far more closely than that of the Christian tradition. Perhaps the most appropriate sentiment is that of Paul Claudel: "God writes straight with crooked lines."

Pity the Poor Monopolists

There's nothing like a little excess capacity to shake up monopolists. The world's most visible group of international price fixers, the International Air Transport Association (IATA), is holding a rather heated powwow in Montreal as we write. IATA, which is composed of all the major scheduled international airlines, has been struggling with the economic realities of a triple threat posed by 1) the abundant capacity of the Boeing 747, 2) the U.S. recession and 3) aggressive competition from the nonscheduled (mostly American) charter airlines. If each of the three had appeared singly, the IATA members could probably have maintained their united, high-price front. But when all three surfaced almost simultaneously the disarray is marvelous to behold—and all to the flying public's benefit.

"One more question, Senator: Would you care to elaborate on your inexplicably terse statement that you have no present plans to run as 1972 Democratic White Knight?"

After their tears of self-pity, the initial response by some individual carriers to the triple threat was to reduce North Atlantic fares drastically for students. The definition of student was then so widened, and the restrictions on travel times so loosened, that apparently half the regular passengers on the North Atlantic routes could travel at the lowered fares. Alitalia has proposed to carry anyone between the ages of twelve and 25 between New York and Rome for $199 round-trip, versus the current tariff of $704. Now Pan American wants to add anyone over 65 for $198, if paid-up in advance. To try to keep the tourists winging south instead of across the Atlantic, Aeronaves aims to slice fares by 45 per cent between New York and Mexico City. And maybe someone will finally propose a special low rate for the spur-of-the-moment long weekend trip abroad, a deal which, for some unaccountable reason, has so far eluded the imagination of the airline managements.

All of these proposals smack suspiciously of real competition to our tasting. They certainly did to IATA members collectively, and this is what they were trying to strangle up in Montreal. No doubt the IATA members will paste up some semblance of "order" (i.e., monopoly) for the next period, but the new and changing fares are bound to begin reflecting in some measure the current economic realities.

So far, the most encouraging aspect of this episode has been the demonstration, once again, that when American technology (the 747) and enterprise (the charter airlines) are given free rein, no group of would-be monopolists, domestic or worldwide, is going to have an easy time of it.

YRs = Conservative

At the Young Republicans' convention in Phoenix, Arizona last week conservatives won seventeen of the eighteen offices up for election. I.e., better than 94 per cent, and you know the countries where governments count on *that* kind of victory. It's all too embarrassing!

The YR elections are not casual affairs. The campaigns are well financed and well organized: And this year the conservatives won. With the organizational aid of David R. Jones, Administrative Assistant to Senator Buckley, Donald Sundquist won a landslide victory as the National Chairman of the Young Republicans.

Grumbling losers blamed the conservatives' victory on the influence of the Young Americans for Freedom, the sting of which criticism misses us completely. Douglas C. Worth, president of the New York State Young Republicans, asserted that the victory of the sole non-conserva-

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tive was a solitary hold on ideological balance, warning that "We were falling off the right hand of the world," a statement plausible enough for those who still believe that the world is flat. "We were very concerned about outside influence. We want to be Republicans, not YAFers," continued Mr. Worth, continuing to miss the point, which is that the Young Republicans want to be Republicans not Democrats. Wherein lies the import of the election, which is that whereas the Democratic Party used to be the only place to go for a young person—liberal or conservative—interested in joining a viable political force, now there are two parties, and the Republican Party is the place for conservatives.

Whatever Happened to God?

The Episcopal Church, God knows, has its problems, and they are likely to get worse before they get better. Nationally the church has been giving financial aid, over the objection of local bishops, to groups with dubious credentials, some of which groups, it is claimed, promote violence. Also, the Executive Council of the Church recently passed a resolution calling on General Motors to leave South Africa. The council, it turns out, knows very little about GM's policies in South Africa and probably as little about the policies of South Africa.

In New York the Episcopal Church's growing problem is multimillionaire Bishop Paul Moore Jr., soon to be the bishop of the diocese. In an article that appeared on the Op Ed page of the *New York Times*, Bishop Moore oozed about the brothers Berrigan and the sickness of the soul of America in a way that reminds one of Randall Jarrell—in parody. Hear the words of the Bishop: 75 per cent of the country is convinced of the "uselessness if not the moral depravity of the Vietnam war." Vietnamization, "substituting brown bodies for white," is "perhaps the most cynical and immoral policy of all." "When the state wages illegal war against the will of the majority the claims by which the state are traditionally honored by the church come into question. Has our state ceased to be a democratic instrument of peace and justice?" "The health of a democracy can be judged by its debonair tolerance for dissent. A sick state, lacking in confidence, quivers at the sight of opposition. Is our government verging on paranoia, the most dangerous of psychoses?" One knows not where to begin arguing with such a man, but shrinking congregations and contributions may encourage him to stray less from the path to which God called him.

According to the rector of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in New York City, the decline in church-going has been caused by the church's "overemphasis on activism." "The church's primary job," said the Rev. Frederick M. Morris, "is not to be a social agency . . . the main purpose of the church is the worship of God." And then the wardens and vestrymen of St. Thomas announced that they had lost confidence in the national leadership of the church and that they would themselves distribute funds to social causes rather than send them, as is customary, to the church's national headquarters for distribution. So the grassroots seem to be considering taking control away from the central hierarchy which, however democratically it may have been elected, was not meant to represent the people in, or speak for them on, social affairs and which, under such pressure as is now appearing, may learn to distinguish between the affairs of Caesar and God.

Shall We Keep It in Perspective?

Of course, it's nice to have it on the table
That Barry wasn't kooky or unstable.
It's hairy to confirm the murdered martyr
Approved of doing Diem in for a starter.
But mighty myths don't stem from sleazy capers.
He stole the stuff, then passed it to the papers.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your editorial, "The Logic of Defection" ["The Week," March 23], and your subsequent "clarification" ["Notes & Asides," April 20] have just been brought to my attention. As the later item notes, your statement—which was the basic premise of your editorial and of its title—that I had served for a number of months "rather high up on the White House staff of Henry Kissinger" is thoroughly mistaken. The error is puzzling, since the very issue of the *New York Review of Books*, March 11, from which your editorial draws its three quotations—each one of which, incidentally, is transcribed slightly inaccurately—describes my limited association with the Administration explicitly: "In the first several months of the Nixon Administration, he worked as a consultant on Vietnam options to Henry Kissinger." (It was Kissinger's wish that the fact of this consulting be held private, and therefore I made no allusion to it in public or in print throughout 1969-70 until after, early this year, Kissinger himself revealed it on-the-record to Don Oberdorfer of the *Washington Post*.)

This same citation gives the lie to your subsequent assertion April 20, concerning Les Gelb and myself, that "they and journals that publish them eagerly present them" as "former members of Henry Kissinger's staff." That statement is totally false. Neither I (nor, I am certain, Les Gelb) nor any publication in which my writing has appeared has ever stated or implied that I had ever worked for Henry Kissinger (in any capacity other than consultant, while an employee of the Rand Corporation) or served as a White House staff member.

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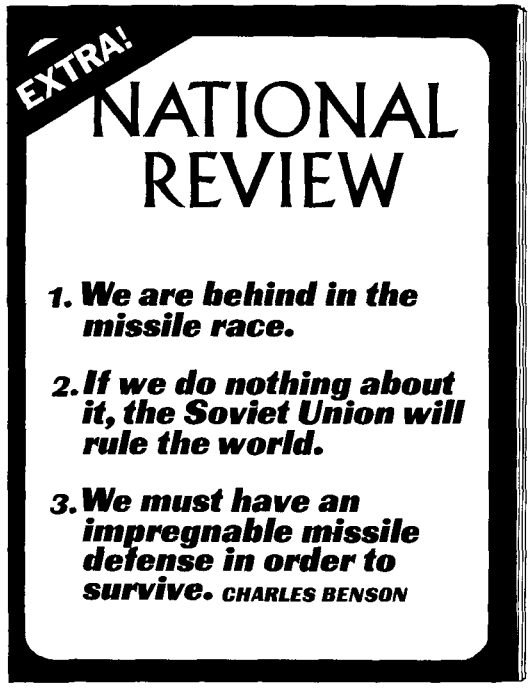
"This may be the most important article National Review has ever published." —Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

ARE OUR DEFENSES WEAK?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NATIONAL REVIEW
1. We are behind in the missile race.
2. If we do nothing about it, the Soviet Union will rule the world.
3. We must have an impregnable missile defense in order to survive. CHARLES BENSON

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This new falsehood demands apology as well as correction.

Daniel Ellsberg
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Ellsberg: The difference between your association with Mr. Kissinger as described by yourself (and the New York Review of Books*), and our description of your association with Mr. Kissinger, as modified in our April 20 issue, is rather too slight to warrant an act of contrition. For the rest, the information we published is based on confidential sources which we are not at liberty to divulge.* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

To use the hackneyed introductory style; what can you say about a 21-year-old curmudgeon? That he aged prematurely. That his literary diet was too rich in Chambers and Mailer, and deficient in Tarkington. That he, in his most trying hour, wrote to William Buckley.

The turbulent years of my maturation filtered out a motley host of childhood idols ranging from the Beatles to Barry Goldwater. As the most eminent survivor, you may be chagrined to discover that a Beatles worshiper could simultaneously do obeisance to you; that he could yeah, yeah, yeah in one breath and quote Buckley in the next.

Here is my problem: when my other idols crumbled I was forced to lean more heavily on you. My room in the barracks (I'm a serviceman) became a Buckley Art Gallery punctuated by such as the caricature of you for the November 1967 issue of *Time*. At my fingertips is more than your most thorough biographer could dream of. My stack of NATIONAL REVIEWS is a towering monument to the elite conservatism so well nurtured by you and your disciples.

"I look forward to the day when the weapons of war can be put to some peaceful use."

Now I am reaping a whirlwind. A recent copy of NATIONAL REVIEW whose cover unabashedly displayed the black power salute was discovered by a Colonel conducting reconnaissance of his subordinates' desks. Notorious for his efficiency, he concluded his investigation with an over-the-shoulder glance and hurried off to discuss my fate with his ministers of punishment with whom he surmised that *NR* is a black power organ, and I a radical ripe for reprimand.

No longer can I flaunt Buckley. Should your magazine covers be less provocative or my hero worship more clandestine, or my farewell salute to my last idol forthcoming? Suddenly the world seems terribly bleak and I feel very old.

With highest regards,
Howard G. Simkins

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Centicore Bookshop in Ann Arbor, which carries nearly every paperback conceivable, does not carry those of William Buckley. When I asked a salesman why, he said he "wouldn't carry Buckley over my dead body." With sheer incredulity, responses leaped to my mind: a) his body already is dead, b) he doubtless opposes censorship and advocates vigorously freedom of speech and of the press, except when . . ., c) what John Stuart Mill would have said: "He who knows only his own side, knows little of that." In one sense, this incident would be like going to a book salesman in the eighteenth century and being told, "Sorry, we don't carry Edmund Burke or Dr. Johnson." With regard to the Centicore salesman, I am reminded of Thomas Carlyle's words on Swinburne: he "sits in a cesspool and adds to it"; and on another figure: seeing his bust he noticed it was without an occiput.

With regards,
Ronald L. Trowbridge
Assistant Professor of English
Eastern Michigan University

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I suggest your seriously discussing with brother James the prospects of his running for the Presidency in 1972. With the sibling spoils system popularized by Camelot, we (i.e., the citizens of the United States of America) would not only have an able and reliable President but get many a chuckle from the State Department.

Very truly yours,
Thomas F. Pawlowski
Linden, N.J.

Don't you get enough chuckles out of the State Department already? —**WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

JOYS AND SORROWS OF EMPIRE

AMERICANS have got themselves into an insoluble dilemma. They (most of them) want the privileges of empire, but they are unwilling to accept the responsibilities of empire. It is impossible to have the one without the other.

Civis Americanus wants to be able to go wherever he feels like going; to be treated respectfully, if not lovingly; to have his dollars accepted, whatever the local currency; to find someone at hand who understands his language; to fill his house and museums with any work of art or craft, from anywhere, that strikes his fancy; to have all markets open to the products of his industry and the profitable application of his capital and expertise; to have a predominant voice in global affairs; to divert to his use and convenience a major portion of the earth's resources. One may even add, among the customary imperial privileges: to enjoy a sufficient surplus to maintain a considerable percentage of the population in idleness under one formula or another (welfare, alienation, dropout, revolution, ecology, etc.).

But in this world nothing is free, and the cost of imperial privileges is imperial duties. First among these is to preserve a reasonable degree of order —to act as "global policeman," as Senator Fulbright apprehended; or, if not strictly "global," at any rate within and on behalf of the imperial system. Besides police duty, the imperial power is obligated to keep an eye on the general well-being of allies, associates and clients.

In his *Imperial America*, Professor George Liska defines "empire" as "a state exceeding other states in size, scope, salience, and sense of task. . . . The salience of an imperial state consists in the fact that no other state can ignore it and that all other states . . . assess their position, role, and prospects more in relation to it than to closer neighbors or to local conflicts. Finally, the sense of task which distinguishes the imperial state is typically that of creating, and then maintaining, a world order the conditions and principles of which would harmonize the particular interests of the imperial state with the interests of the commonweal."

Now it is obvious, as well as confirmed by historical experience, that carrying out the imperial responsibilities requires certain characteristics in the imperial citizens, or at least in the leading strata: confidence in both their right and their ability to perform the imperial task; resoluteness; perseverance; a willingness to assure the strength—that is, the military force—to fulfill the task; and finally (it must be added) a willingness to kill people, now and then, without collapsing into a paroxysm of guilt.

Americans found themselves at the end of World War II in an historical situation whose "logic" imposed the imperial task, much as the strongest boy on the block confronts the task of leading, and ordering, his young neighbors. In spite of the lack of precedents, experience, training or (in most cases) conscious inclination, the citizens who found themselves running things did assume many of the imperial responsibilities: witness the Truman Doctrine, Greek civil war, Marshall Plan, Korea, foreign aid, even the Congo.

It was Indochina that became the mature and critical test. This test *civis Americanus* seems to have flunked—though the final grade is not quite in. It is not that those at the levers of power failed to recognize the imperial duty. What emerges from the Pentagon Papers is a remarkable unity in that recognition among all higher officials, civilian and military, until 1967/68. But the governing and verbalizing echelon proved to lack the staying power, the moral qualities necessary to endure, confront and fully master a drawn-out sequence of unheroic troubles. One by one, layer by layer, they collapsed, covering their bugout with pious rhetoric of one sort or another, or, like Daniel Ellsberg, freaking out on guilt-pills.

But this collapse before the North Vietnamese Communists is no more than one symptom of the breakdown. The bugout is general; the summons is out to pull back all along the line: to get the troops back from Korea, Europe, wherever; to forget about updating strategic weapons, and to accept strategic "equality" (already turning into inferiority); to renounce the job of policeman; to cancel the SST (and thereby predominance in air transport); to drop the space shuttle (and thereby advanced technology and the military key to the future); to block expansion in the energy base of technology; to chuck, in short, the imperial task.

Champion or Chump

The renunciation is proposed in the name of a "reordering of priorities." Instead of wasting our substance on imperial hybris and space baubles, we will rebuild our cities, purify our air and water, usher our poor into the good life, etc. But things don't work that way. The selection of candidates for the imperial role is not arbitrary; once entered in the arena by size, wealth, power and the conjuncture of history (as marked by, for example, great wars), the candidates are not allowed to quit. They can only be, first mauled, then thrown out. So the signs multiply during the past couple of years: American ships harassed and seized by third-rate nations; Communist ships contesting the seas; small nations, sensing the odor of decay, grabbing American enterprises; banks and hotels refusing the dollar; abandonment of the idea of national service and simultaneously of military professionalism; as the state's authority fades, the internal factions strike out for themselves. By the rules, the retreat into neoisolationism can bring only greater danger from without and faster decay within.

It is no different for the strong boy on the block. If he declines to be champion, he can only be chump. I very well remember in the school of my childhood, our strong boy who made the great refusal. We called him "Dingbat," and he was kicked around by everyone, even the smallest kids. □

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ALONG THE HASHISH TRAIL

There's a golden beach, warm sea waters, the sun shines every day of the year. But in the forest nearby, young people are dying, dying from the drugs which are all they have left in life

Goa, End of the Line

SUZANNE LABIN

THEY ARE twenty years old and soon they will go out, like their pipes. But they don't know it.

Their hair is still long and healthy, if tangled; their eyelids, unwrinkled, open up over expressionless, washed-out eyes. Their cheeks have kept the roundness of childhood, but their color is deathly ashen. They have all their teeth, but they no longer brush them. They are twenty years old but the blood runs sluggishly through their veins. In Goa, at the end of the hashish trail, they will come to their end very soon, in smoke, but they don't know it.

They chain-smoke hashish, one pipe after another, from morning until late at night, and most of them have already escalated to methedrine, the speed that kills, to acid, which makes men mad, to opium, which turns men into zombies. In their chests there's a dry little cough that they no longer notice, the quick dry cough of the tubercular. Overuse of hash has left them with chronic bronchial infections, malnutrition has weakened them, but they don't know it. Some walk around with infectious hepatitis; others have intestinal cramps, dysentery, syphilis. But they don't know it. And yet, they live in a region where the sun—the germ-killer—shines every day of the year. They rest all the time and breathe the pure air. But they no longer visit the golden beach at Kalengute.

They spend their days in somber huts, deep in a forest of palm trees that borders the beach. They lie on the ground or on straw or wooden pads, with the little cough in their chests, with the sores on their legs, with pipes of hash or opium in their mouths, with their folly in their heads. They do nothing to save themselves because they don't know they're going to die.

In my book, *Hippies, Drugs and Sex*, I described the hippie movement in its earliest phases in San Francisco. The images that stayed in my mind were of color, of movement, of noise carried to the extreme, of bright-hued clothes, of psychedelic light shows, thunder and lightning, hysterical dancers moving arms and legs to an infernal rhythm; of teen-aged runaways barely out of grade school joining the hordes in the big cities, full of energy, out for a bacchanal, for adventure, for sex, for pop festivals, for drugs and fights with the police.

In all of that there was a rejection of our materialistic society but also a lust for life, a lust to feel with all five of the senses at once, a total rejection of study, work, laws, morality.

That was what was happening in San Francisco in 1967. And here, three years later, in October 1970, I found myself twelve thousand miles away at the end of the pilgrims' trail. Only the sturdiest, the bravest of the lot, made it all the way to Goa. Others had fallen by the wayside: some, after painful experiences, returning to their families; others finding a final resting place in a Muslim cemetery or in the smoke of a Buddhist funeral pyre in a forgotten village along the hashish trail.

I found myself in Goa, the ancient Portuguese colony in India, its Gothic arches now submerged in the Indian anthill where several thousand hippies have taken refuge, attracted by a beautiful deserted beach. But today, along the beach at Kalengute, everything is changed. No more dances, no more music, no more chants. Here, in the palm groves of Kalengute, it seems doubtful that the couples rouse themselves even to make love.

Where are the hippies? To find them you enter the forest and look for the little palm-thatched huts, huts without color, without motion. Inside, a couple of mats or beds of wood: no chairs, no tables, no psychedelic posters, no records to break the monotony. They've sold their record players en route to Goa, and the few who still have them have lost the desire to listen to the strident rock they couldn't live without in San Francisco.

They've become introverted, misanthropic and serious—terribly serious. Death is a terribly serious affair and perhaps, somewhere within them, they have a presentiment that they will soon be dead.

The Geography

The beach of Kalengute is so inaccessible (to reach it from Goa proper you must take a taxi, then a boat, then another taxi, another small boat and a third taxi) that there is not a single hotel with the simplest comforts according to European standards. The government has built a lodge for tour-

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ists but the accommodations are rudimentary and the food, in the great hall, is always the same, always execrable. But before one's eyes there is the beautiful sunny beach, immense and deserted. On it I saw no hippies. So I went to find them, following them to their nests in the forest. It's a beautiful forest with no underbrush. One walks through it as easily and silently as in a cathedral. Marveling at it, I could understand why the hippies had taken refuge here. Unless one is a millionaire there is only one choice: to work for a comfortable living among the noisy hordes of our motorized cities, or to live a life of indolence in the arms of nature, having renounced all comfort, all security.

There are huts scattered under the palm trees. Two-thirds of them harbor native fishing families, the others "families" of hippies, most of which don't include any women but usually four or five young men living in chastity (drugs deaden the sexual drive). The hippies rent their huts for $4 a month. Since there may be from four to ten in a hut the price per person is seldom more than a dollar. By the time the hippies arrive at Goa most of them have lost all but two of their treasures: their hashish pipe and their long hair.

Thus in this enchanted forest along the most inaccessible shore of India, I made my way from door to door to visit the most extreme of those who have rejected Western-style modern life.

In the first hut I met a very young man, sitting on the dirt floor with a cat in his arms. They both had the same big, scared-looking eyes and the boy—was he the cat's master or the subject?—spoke so quietly that I had to ask him time and again to repeat himself. As I talked to him he became more and more nervous, and he caressed the cat more and more heavily until she began to meow. Blushing, he asked me if I would give him some drugs, any drugs. "My cat loves to take trips with me . . . especially LSD trips."

He told me that he believed in transmigration and that he hoped to be a Siamese cat in his next life. His friends, he said, were out foraging for food (and drugs) and he was the guardian of the hearth.

A few minutes later his friends returned: a Dane in a saffron robe, with long straight greasy hair tied in a knot in the back; a Dutchman in a long brown gown, open at the neck to reveal a crucifix; an American with carrot-colored hair and a red beard, his torso covered with obscene tattoos. These young men were still active, newcomers to the scene. They were Anglo-Saxons, pragmatic enough still to prefer deciding how best to procure food, water and drugs to discussing with me the superiority of the hippie Trinity: anti-materialism, anti-conformism and mind-blowing, or, as they put it, consciousness expansion.

The Inhabitants

In another hut I found a young French couple who were eager to share their ideas. They were convinced that they understood the eternal Verities and that we others—members of the Establishment, squares—were slaves of a life that had been imposed upon us, beasts of burden who performed our tasks like oxen in harness without knowing why, for whom, for how long, without ever rebelling against the system. We were the donkeys of the industrial society.

And I must admit that when I heard their thesis, it was unsettling. They compared the day of a Parisian suburbanite with his three hours of sardinehood, traveling in the sweat-box of the Métro, or at the wheel of a car in a traffic jam with thousands of other cars as ugly as his own, breathing gas fumes, with the blessed hours that they savored, by a warm beach, lulled by the cosmic lullaby of waves throwing themselves against unseen, underwater obstacles. I I was taken aback until I noticed the girl's stillness. She had been lying on her mat without moving for more than two hours.

She wasn't under the influence of drugs at the moment—her remarks were too pertinent. But one could see traces of suffering on her features. Then I looked at her companion. Did the blood still course through his veins? His skin looked like an albino's, devoid of pigmentation. Only his long chestnut hair gave him color. I couldn't help asking about his pallor.

His companion replied: "He has just gotten out of the hospital. He has spent four months there, recovering from dysentery."

It must have been an atrocious attack of dysentery for him to have spent four months in an Indian hospital, when in Bombay so many of the critically ill die on the sidewalks.

I suggested, to hearten them, that it wouldn't take long for the sun on the beach and the bracing ocean air to get rid of his pallor, and make him healthy again. But the young man shook his head. It had been ages since they'd been to the beach. It was an hour's walk. But was one hour's walk so much when they had nothing else to do all day long?

The girl interrupted: "I can't walk," she said. "My legs are too painful. It's too far."

I noticed then that her ankles were wrapped in dirty bandages. What was the matter? She didn't know. But it had been going on for six months, sores that ached and burned.

She should go to a doctor, or if not —where would she find a doctor in this forgotten forest?—to a hospital in Goa.

She had tried that. For six hours she had waited in a hospital in Goa. But people were dying there and there was no time for her sores. The hours in the waiting room had been a nightmare. She had seen human cadavers sitting there, waiting their turn, sights she compared to what she had seen along the shores of the Ganges or at Benares.

She unrolled the dirty cloth wrapped around her ankle to show me her wounds, her "bobos" she called them. I was horrified. From the swollen mass of flesh a mixture of blood and pus oozed, and with it an odor of putrefaction. I had a feeling that the girl believed these open wounds would evaporate if only she could show them to a respectable tourist arriving from the Western world "rotted by civilization and work," but which, nonetheless, knew something about the healing of ills. I had told her I had an antibiotic salve in my luggage.

"Do you think your antibiotic lotion might cure me? Could you give me some of it?"

I promised to bring the medicine, that medicine produced by a scientific world whose techniques are what, in their heart of hearts, the sick hippies depend upon for their cures.

So here, a likeable young couple, who had come in search of serenity, crouched in a tiny dark hut, from which they emerged only to spend long months in Dante-esque hospitals. An hour's leisurely walk to the seaside was too much: for one, whose strength was sapped by chronic dysentery, and for the other, who had painful open sores on her ankles. These lovers were suffer-

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ing from the ravages of hashish and, to get away from their suffering, they smoked still more. Then, when the effects of the hashish became inadequate to their sufferings, they had escalated to opium. Their great, their only, worry was to scavenge for food like animals, and for drugs like madmen.

The hippies buy their food from the natives because there are no markets at Kalengute. Every Indian family around has become an entrepreneur selling cooked foods to hippie families. But what foods! Coarse stews of fish and rice, prepared by dirty hands in dirty bowls with dirty water. The tourist hostel serves no bananas, no oranges, no salads, no fresh fish. So you can imagine what the underprivileged fishermen eat. When they first arrive in Kalengute, the hippies eat the white meat of the coconut, which is without nutritive value, but which has important vitamins. Then, after their first bout with dysentery, which is never long delayed, they stop eating fresh fruits and vegetables. After several months they are debilitated by their sedentary lives, the sunless huts, malnutrition and the ever greater dependence on drugs, and they lack even the strength to pick up a rock and crack open a coconut.

The Way of 'Life'

The next day I took off again in search of the hippies. I visited "families" of young men of every nationality from North America and Western Europe. All were pale and thin, all admitted drug addicts. Drugs was the only topic of conversation that interested them. They would tell, with relish, stories about the great deeds of the hippie community, concentrating on the latest bad trips: particularly about one addict who had taken such a bad trip he had had to be carried by stretcher to an insane asylum and locked up.

In one especially dirty hut, from which the garbage had not been removed for months, I was coldly received by a *ménage à trois* composed of an American Israeli in a black skullcap, a cadaverous Frenchwoman in her thirties and a very young Swedish girl. The first two had met in Israel and had a nine-year-old daughter. They had been living in Kalengute for four years: Their main preoccupation was the fact that their Indian visa was good only for six months. Shortly they would have to visit Ceylon and stay there a few days in order to get another visa.

"Do you take drugs?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"And the child?"

They wouldn't answer. On to another question.

"Where does she go to school?"

"Nowhere," said the man, indignantly. "To learn what? False ideas of life. I don't want my daughter to have her head stuffed with all that knowledge by the Establishment."

"Then who teaches her to read and write? Her mother?"

"Well, you see . . ." the mother started, but he interrupted her, explosively: "No one! Must she learn to read and write and do the multiplication tables to be happy? She's teaching herself the wonders of nature, watching the trees, the flowers, the butterflies, shellfish, as she chooses. She does what she wants, without restraint. She is as free as a bird."

Then, turning suddenly toward the child, who was about to put a pipe in her mouth, he yelled: "Don't touch that. I've told you a dozen times. And don't go too far from the house. Remember I've forbidden you to go to the beach alone. It's too far. You'll get lost."

Quite a list of interdictions for a child free as a bird.

I asked the family autocrat what they did all day.

"What do we do? Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing? There must be something in that 'nothing.' "

"I eat. I drink. I sleep. I make love. I smoke hash. . . ."

"I mean what do you do to nourish the spirit? Do you read?"

"Never."

His answer didn't astonish me, because I know that an addict can no longer concentrate on books. He is capable of arguing, of philosophizing, but he loses the desire and the ability to read. The hippie press makes a splash in the United States and in Europe. It is read there. But it is no longer read by those who take the hashish road.

We were getting nowhere and I started to leave, but the woman held me by the arm, and asked me in a very low voice:

"Don't you think it would be better if the child learned to read?"

This was her major preoccupation and she wanted an ally.

"Why do you ask the lady that?" he demanded: "What does she know about it?"—she, a product of the stereotyped imbecile Establishment—"Why teach a child to read when we despise that world?"

I went back to the attack.

"All right. You don't read, you don't play an instrument, you don't paint. Then you travel? You visit the churches of Goa; you swim; you play cards; you have a hobby?"

They burst into laughter, as if I'd made a bad joke.

"We don't know how to swim. We can hardly tell a queen from a jack. Our church is this forest and the trips we take are without moving, through LSD," the man told me.

"You cook?" I asked, almost desperately.

"No. We buy our food already cooked from the Indians. They prepare it over their wood fires near their huts. It is too tiring to gather wood in the forest."

"But where do you get the money?"

"We make out."

"But how?"

I couldn't draw them out further. They make out, he had said. Then, suddenly, the young Swedish girl appeared on the threshold, bright, healthy, twenty years old. They rent her a portion of the hut for a great deal more a week than they pay for it a year. The young blonde had jewels, gaudy ornaments, pink cheeks and a self-satisfied air. She had undoubtedly just left home with money in hand, and was sharing the riches with her companions of the road, who in turn were teaching her the ropes: how to procure drugs and what to do with them. When she no longer had money in her purse or color in her cheeks, she, in turn, would latch on to another newcomer and teach him or her the ropes. It is the law of the clan: The old hands are supported by the novices.

The Swede, standing there long-legged, arrogant (she had undoubtedly already slept with her landlord), nodded at him brusquely, ordering him to come join her without so much as a glance at me. He followed her out, leaving me alone with the Frenchwoman, who was torn between her allegiance to the man and her concern for the child.

"He says he came in search of solitude and peace," she told me, "but

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he's constantly bringing these raucous girls into our hut. And he had forbidden me to teach the child to read. I would like the little one to learn to read. Could you send me a reader from Paris? But not here—to the tourist hostel." And she slipped a piece of paper with her name into my hand, and closed the door rapidly behind me.

At the Bistro

Back on the beach, children of an Indian fisherman indicated to me, in answer to my question, that about an hour's walk down the beach was the bistro run by Fernando (a former cook on a transatlantic liner and a restaurateur of some repute in the region).

The bistro had just two tables inside and two others outside, under a sort of awning facing the ocean. Fernando's son took the orders. He brought me a poached fish and a grilled steak. It was a good piece of meat, well cooked, not the beef boiled in I-don't-know-what that I had been eating. It was a dream come true. While I ate, I watched five young men approach. And again I couldn't believe my eyes. Remember those pictures of the starving people of Biafra not so long ago? These hippies —three of them wore only loin-cloths —reminded me of them. Their thighs were no thicker than broom handles, which made their knees look like deformed protuberances. Their skin was stretched tight across their ribs. And in place of cheeks and eyes there were deep, skull-like holes.

"They forgot to get buried," whispered the man next to me.

The three thinnest sat down lotus fashion, on crossed legs. When the buttock muscles are gone that is the only way to sit comfortably for long periods of time. The Indian waiter—clean-shaven, short-haired and well-built—went to take their order.

"Have you bread?" one of the skeletons asked.

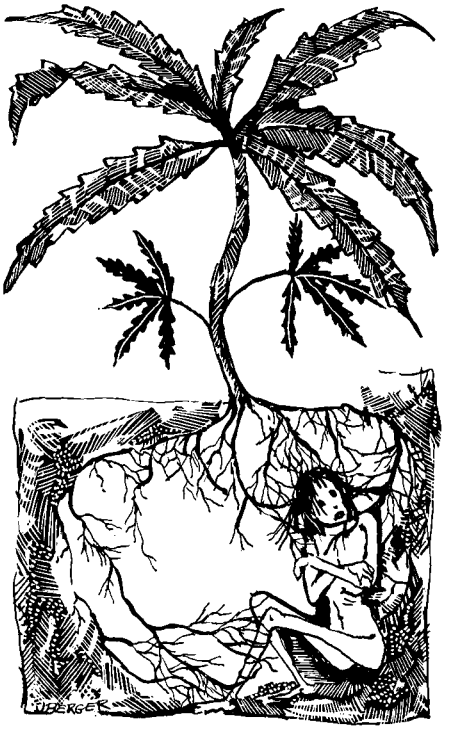
"No, we're out of it," replied the young Indian.

The realization that he is richer, in this simple restaurant, which he will someday own, than these wretches who dine on dry bread, brings forth a reaction of superiority rather than compassion. His father owns a four-table restaurant patronized by rich, well-dressed tourists with gold watches who order fish and steaks and give big tips. So for these wretches who ask for bread, there is none—lest they scare off the tourists and their money. The refusal is brusque.

But these men remember that they were once members of the white ruling class and take a table anyway. They order five cafés au lait. The one whose gauntness had most horrified me turns his back, still sitting in lotus position. I tell my companions, a well-off Indian couple: "He is heating some hashish."

"How do you know?"

"It's forbidden in India so he is hiding it as he does it. It will take a little time. He has to break off a piece of the hash, then heat it in a little kettle with a lighter until it crumbles into dust. Then he mixes it with tobacco to put into a pipe. What will prove that it's hashish is that he won't smoke it alone.



He'll take three puffs, then pass it to a companion who'll do the same, and so on until the pipe is finished. Then he'll make a second."

"Why doesn't each one have his own pipe?"

"Because the drug is relatively expensive, and they don't want to waste any of it. Also, the hashish smoker needs a respite between drags."

The skeleton turns around, takes three puffs and passes the pipe to his neighbor. The five sit there for three hours smoking and drinking their coffee. That was their midday meal.

"It's frightful," said my companions. "Why don't they use the money they spend on hash and coffee to buy rice?"

Because, in the long run, the drug deadens all sensation. Smokers of hash or opium don't feel hunger, have no pain from ulcers, don't realize they are getting steadily weaker. They are wrapped in cottonwool, internally and externally. Pain is an alarm necessary to the survival of all animals. But drugs have broken their alarm system.

A pause. Then: "So they will die?" she asked.

"Yes. In three years, a year, a few months. I don't know. But they will die. They could probably find the money for one meal of rice a day, but they no longer have the desire for it, or the will."

These five living skeletons from the sophisticated West prefer hash to rice. They are at the end of the line, but they'll be replaced by other hippies who will die, in their turn, at twenty. And all of these deaths will go almost unnoticed in India where so many die each day because they haven't the money for that one bowl of rice.

Paradox

Another thing struck me as I walked back toward the hostel. All the Indians that I saw in front of their stores, the women in their cotton saris, the men in their open shirts, the naked babies, all of them exuded health, the healthy skin tones of the well-fed. Nowhere else in India had I seen this. The only ones in Kalengute who held out their hands were the hippies. There were no other beggars.

I soon understood. The hippies, indigent as they are, have brought prosperity, no matter how moderate, to this lost corner of the land. They are tolerated because of the commerce they bring. The handful of dollars in each purse, multiplied by the thousands of hippies in the area, has made business prosper. A tiny stream of business for the poor fishermen of the area, unable heretofore to get their surplus catch to the market and to keep it fresh. This tiny influx of trade, brought about by the arrival of the sons and daughters of our affluent society, has been enough to raise the Indians of Kalengute from a permanent state of semistarvation. It is as if the flesh of the rich Occidentals, sliding into the grave from disease and malnutrition, had found its way to the bodies of the poor of the East. □

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MR. NIXON'S PROGRAM

Revenue sharing sounds good. But it isn't, says the author. He outlines five reasons why he thinks Mr. Nixon's program should be turned down, all of them reasons the Founding Fathers might have agreed with.

No, to Revenue Sharing

WILLIAM G. FREDERICKS

ADVOCATES of revenue sharing claim that it will cure the Federal Government's elephantiasis, reinvigorate federalism, save the states from bankruptcy, ease the "crisis of the cities," and draw talented people into local government, thereby assuaging the allegedly widespread alienation which is said to stem from frustrated participatory impulses. In short, revenue sharing is supposed to reverse many of the noxious tendencies which were born with, but did not die with, the New Deal. It would seem that revenue sharing is the most potentially productive weapon in the arsenal of conservatism.

But conservatives should doubt all devices which promise such an abundance of blessings. What follows are some grounds for skepticism.

Revenue sharing will produce at least five bad consequences.

(1) It will further erode federalism by strengthening the Federal Government at the expense of state and local governments.

(2) It will further distort the system of checks and balances by strengthening the President at the expense of the Congress.

(3) It will foster the "free-lunch illusion" by violating two principles: Users should pay for what they use, and citizens should be painfully aware of where the government gets its money.

(4) It will aggravate a serious environment problem.

(5) It will violate the principle that those who enjoy spending public money should be exposed to the dangers of collecting it.

The revenue-sharing proposal has two parts. General revenue sharing would transfer $5 billion of "unencumbered" (the White House's word) funds

for state and local use. Special revenue sharing would provide $11.4 billion to state and local governments for discretionary spending within six stipulated areas—law enforcement, manpower training, urban community development, rural community development, education and transportation.

Thus, although all shared revenues are supposed to be (relatively) "unencumbered," they are not equally so, and over two-thirds of the money will be the most encumbered sort.

Current categorical grant programs are coercive. When the Federal Government will pay up to 50 per cent of a particular project, local governments feel compelled to participate in that project since it enables them to spend.

Such "bargains" generate intense psychological and—more importantly—political pressures. But they drain resources from local governments, to which the utility of a dollar often is more than nine times as great as the utility of a dollar to the Federal Government. Hence, local governments are impoverished while their priorities are distorted.

Revenue sharing is designed to impose a different form of coercion. The formula which governs the apportioning of the general revenue-sharing funds to the various states gives special weight to "tax effort." States which are making what Washington considers an exemplary effort will receive more dollars than they would if population were the only consideration.

Revenue sharing would involve the use of federal tax revenues to promote higher state and local taxes. It would provide a compensating federal tax cut.

A Zero Sum Game?

In his February 4 revenue-sharing message to Congress, President Nixon said:

> Two factors would be used in determining how much money should go to each state: the size of its population and the degree to which it has already mobilized its own tax resources. By using a distribution formula which takes their tax effort into account, this program would encourage the states to bear a fair share of responsibility. A state which makes a stronger effort to meet its own needs would receive more help from the Federal Government.

Higher state and local taxes may be needed. But that is not the point. The point is that this proposal reflects Washington's *distrust* of the people. How else can we explain the use of federal revenues as coercive bribes to get lower governments to tax at the rate Washington deems proper? How else can we explain the fact that revenue sharing proposes to put dollars into communities only after giving those dollars a round-trip through Washington?

John Ehrlichman, Assistant to the

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President for Domestic Affairs, justifies the revenue round-trip on the basis of federal efficiency. He says that "the experts in this field will tell you that comparatively the state taxing mechanisms are not as responsive to problems of either growth or decay as the federal tax system." But this is a good reason for redistributing revenue sources.

Ehrlichman adopts an interesting analogy to justify revenue sharing:

> There has been a measure of atrophy in our local governments over the years and it has resulted as most atrophy does from disuse and a lack of good blood circulation. This is a proposal for rejuvenating that tired blood in the form of dollars.

The analogy is confused. Tired blood is not a circulation problem. Anyway, a transfusion might alleviate—but it will not cure—a circulation problem. Revenue sharing is a plan for an endless transfusion into sickly governments that are today increasingly dependent upon various kinds of donations. It is a prescription for perpetual dependency.

If the argument so far is correct, revenue sharing—another paternalistic and coercive dose of "encumbered" dollars—would further damage federalism. It also would further distort the constitutional balance of power between the legislative and executive branches of the Federal Government.

The revenue-sharing proposal features "automaticity," which is governmentese for predictability. Life would be easier for state and local governments if they could plan all their programs over an extended period. This would be facilitated by a "permanent appropriation" for revenue sharing.

The President asks for yet another congressional surrender of discretion in the crucial area of appropriations.

> The Congress would provide a permanent appropriation for General Revenue Sharing. The size of this appropriation each year would be a designated percentage of the nation's taxable personal income—the base on which individual federal income taxes are levied. This arrangement would relieve the states and localities of the uncertainty which comes when a new level of support must be debated every year.

Obviously debate means uncertainty in government. And many uncertainties could be eliminated by eliminating debate. But why should any agency of any government at any level have a permanent claim on a dime's worth of personal income, let alone the 1.3 per cent of such income which the President wants?

Obviously "permanent appropriation" would relieve some governments of some uncertainty. It also would relieve Congress of another portion of its rights and duties regarding close control of the purse strings, and would contribute to the ongoing degradation of Congress' status.

The politics of relations between the branches of the Federal Government is not quite a zero sum game. But the inverse relation between the strengths of the institutions at the opposite ends of Pennsylvania Avenue is one of the clearest lessons of American history. Thus "automaticity" achieved through a "permanent appropriation" will result in permanent diminution of the Congress' role as a counterbalance to the Executive. Today the public mind associates Congress with revenues raised. This inaccurate and unfortunate split vision helps account for the ascendency of Presidents over Congress. Presidents would be identified in the public mind as the source of shared revenues, but Congress would still have the unpleasant task of withdrawing even more dollars from American pay envelopes.

Accountability

Philosophy warns conservatives against schemes which increase Presidential supremacy over Congress. Recent history should warn liberals, whose enthusiasm for Presidential power diminished during the Johnson years, to oppose measures which would add to that power. Revenue sharing is such a measure, and revenue sharing with "automaticity" is especially dangerous.

Still, the emphasis on "automaticity" is understandable, and not just as the sort of thing Presidents try to do to Congress. This Administration is fond of guaranteed annual things. Its revenue-sharing plan is a form of guaranteed annual income for lower governments—a plan similar in spirit to the President's welfare reform plan, the Family Assistance Plan. We will have FAP for families and SAP for states.

The Federal Government is already sharing a lot of revenue with the states and localities. Thirty billion dollars in fiscal 1971, up from $1.8 billion in 1948. Most of this flows through the numerous categorical grant programs, two-thirds of which survive the proposed process by which the funds for one-third would be "folded into" (governmentese for "given to") the general revenue fund.

Obviously if we must have revenue sharing, we should have it over the dead bodies of at least this one-third of the existing programs. But that is not likely. The Democratic-controlled Congress is not apt to dismantle all those Great Society monuments which were erected by many surviving senators and congressmen. So revenue sharing would be just another overlay. The only dead body would be the President's plan to get $10 billion of the initial $16 billion by diverting funds from existing programs.

(There is dreary precedent for this dreary prediction. The idea of a guaranteed annual income came from conservatives who wanted it to replace the patchwork of welfare measures. But when at last it comes from Congress it will come as just another costly patch.)

Although revenue sharing seems inimical to various constitutional arrangements, it is supposed to relieve frustrations by enhancing democracy.

In the State of the Union Address the President said:

> As everything seems to have grown bigger, and more complex in America, as the forces that shape our lives seem to have grown more distant and more impersonal, a great feeling of frustration has crept across this land.

But surely the growth of distant and impersonal federal power is partly to blame for this feeling. And you do not diminish federal power by increasing federal revenues and expenditures, especially when some of the expenditures are encumbered "gifts" to smaller and poorer governments. Furthermore, you do not enhance citizen power at the local level by allowing Washington to give local *government officials* large sums of money to finance schemes which their constituents are not paying for directly.

This last point raises an interesting problem. How will revenue sharing alter the relationship of the citizen to his local government? Advocates of revenue sharing say it will improve that relationship. They reason in this way.

Suppose Elmira, New York gets some "passed through" revenues for stipulated spending in the area of law enforcement. Suppose the Elmira city fathers decide to lavish all the money

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on new paint jobs for the cops' patrol cars. If the good burghers of Elmira disapprove, they can fight city hall instead of relying on Senators Buckley and Javits to reform Elmira's spending practices.

This is why the President thinks revenue sharing will enhance democratic values. He says democracy is a matter of "accountability" and accountability is a matter of "accessibility":

> Most voters seldom trace precisely which programs are supported by which levies. What they do ask is that each level of government use all its money—wherever it comes from—as wisely as possible.
>
> The average taxpayer, then will be no less *disposed* to hold public officials to account under revenue sharing. What is more, he will be able to hold them to account far more effectively.
>
> The reason for this is that "accountability" really depends, in the end, on accessibility—on *how easily* a given official can be held responsible for his spending decisions. The crucial question is not where the money comes from but whether the official who spends it can be made to answer to those who are affected by the choices he makes. Can they get their views through to him? Is the prospect of their future support a significant incentive for him? Can they remove him from office if they are unhappy with his performance?

The President may be correct in his description of what "most voters" trace and ask. But he is describing a kind of citizen laxity. There are a number of reasons why citizens should care where their various governments get money, and each reason is a good reason why Washington should not take advantage of citizen laxity.

All the money belonged to the citizens once upon a time, so they should maintain a paternal interest in its travels. Moreover, some forms of revenue shuffling cost money. In fact, some shuffling is designed to create the illusion that some government activity is not costing the recipients anything, or very much, and illusions are bad things in government.

Specifically, revenue sharing would cause an epidemic of the "free-lunch illusion."

Someone—Milton Friedman?—has said that the first axiom of social life is that there is no free lunch. Everything costs somebody something. An important lesson of political life is that a lot of people forget that axiom. At least they talk as if they have forgotten. They speak of "free" education and "free" medical services and a host of other "free" commodities, whch governments mysteriously materialize. The trouble with such talk is that, while these people really know better, their language numbs their intelligence. Revenue sharing, by obscuring the lines that lead from the taxpayers' pocketbooks to the public trough, would encourage an especially numbing kind of political talk.

Anyway, if the President is correct about the essence of accountability, he is buttressing the case against revenue sharing. Surely a Republic founded in resistance to "taxation without representation" has a special stake in the principle that when possible, taxes should be levied by the most accountable government.

Obviously one can reject revenue sharing as a solution without denying that the financial plight of the states and localities is grave. Between 1950 and 1969 state and local spending increased 372 per cent. State and local debt increased 262 per cent and expenses rose 15 per cent faster than revenues. These governments face an estimated $10-billion revenue gap this year, in spite of the fact that there were 450 major tax increases by state governments alone in the 1960s.

The Environment

The insolvency of the cities poses an especially serious challenge to federalism.

But revenue sharing would be a grotesquely ill-advised response to the plight of the cities.

Metropolitan living is expensive. One cannot compute the cost of necessary government services in New York City simply by taking the per capita government costs for Pagosa Springs, Colorado, and multiplying by eight million. New Yorkers cost more than Pagosa Springers. Or one can put the point this way: New Yorkers have more expensive tastes.

New York is an expensive item—and a bad bargain. People pay increasing amounts for declining living conditions. Why, then, do not more New Yorkers move? One answer is that, for reasons which are inscrutable to normal people, a lot of New Yorkers like New York. Such eccentricity is the spice of life and New Yorkers have a right to persevere in this eccentricity as long as their psyches and *their* pocketbooks can sustain them. Of course New Yorkers wish Pagosa Springs would pay some of New York's bills. But the people of Buffalo have little enough reason or desire to pay for New York City and Pagosa Springers have even less of both.

These thoughts are crucial if revenue sharing would do what some of its least informed and most ardent advocates say. They say revenue sharing would be a redistributive mechanism working on behalf of the most urbanized states. But consider the case of New York, home of the best advertised "urban crisis."

New York and California, the two largest and among the most affluent states, pay nearly a quarter of all federal taxes. New York, unlike California, is getting shortchanged under existing categorical grant programs and would continue to be shortchanged under the general revenue-sharing proposal. That is, New York's contribution to the total federal tax take is a larger percentage than the percentage of categorical grant dollars which New York receives, and it is larger than the percentage of the general sharing which the proposal allots to New York.

For every New York dollar pitched into the revenue-sharing pool, New York would receive 87 cents in return. Pennsylvania would lose 21 cents on the dollar, Illinois would lose 40 cents, and there would be many other losers. Gainers would include Mississippi, which would get back $2.50 for each dollar it contributes, and Alabama, which would gain 56 cents per dollar.

Any redistribution by revenue sharing raises an obvious moral issue: Who owes what to whom in a federal system? But there is also a serious environment issue involved.

The biggest threat to the environment is not the beer can. It is the city. The most pressing and amenable population problem is not the existence of too many Americans. Rather, it is the distribution of Americans.

Approximately half of our three thousand counties declined in population during the last decade. Approximately one-third of our counties have lost population for three consecutive decades. The First Annual Report of the Council on Environmental Quality, issued last year, warned that if current trends continue 70 to 80 per cent of all Americans will be concentrated in

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five large urban complexes by the year 2000. Approximately two-thirds of all Americans (136 million) live in the more than two hundred areas designated as "metropolitan."

This is not healthy. But revenue sharing will subsidize (and thereby intensify) this maldistribution. It will do this by inadvisably reducing pain.

Is it not possible that what our largest cities really need is less aid than they are already receiving? The current level of aid has encouraged the growth of our largest cities, many of which are suffering diseconomies of scale as their per-citizen operating costs rise steeply. A higher level of aid will aggravate the situation by blurring the facts about the real costs of urban living.

A cut in aid would make life even more painful than it already is in the largest cities. It would bring the city resident's tax bill into line with the real price of his city. The resulting pain might soon be reflected in changing patterns of population distribution.

This policy would not satisfy those who crave a more dashing kind of statesmanship—a "Marshall Plan for the Cities" and all that. But governments are blunt instruments; all improvements are for the worse; and revenue sharing would reinforce an unhealthy trend which should be reversed. Daniel P. Moynihan, who has reasonable views about the limited ability of governments to control basic social trends, insists that "population location is policy-responsive." If so, then revenue sharing is the wrong policy.

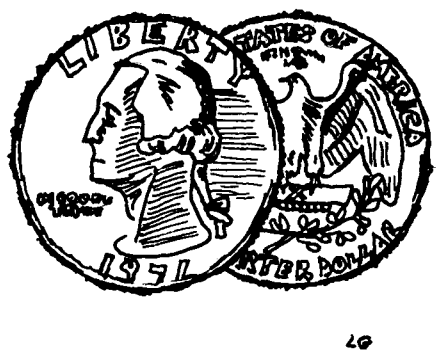
U. S.: An Aristocracy?

But what is the right policy for our rickety revenue system? The answer is implicit in the reasons for finding revenue sharing inadequate. We should give people the real freedom (which includes the ability) to pay at the local level for their own preferred social arrangements.

The Federal Government takes over 60 per cent of all tax revenues collected in America. More significantly, it takes 90 per cent of all income taxes. Localities are forced to rely heavily on real estate and sales taxes which are not satisfactorily responsive to the general growth of the economy.

Of course no law of nature or political economy holds that one can measure the relative importance of government units by their share of income tax revenues. But clearly a 90 to 10 split of income tax revenues in favor of the Federal Government does indicate an inappropriate division of governmental labor. Something must be done and there is an obvious option.

The Federal Government should return revenue sources to the states. Because it is virtually impossible to run a modern state without an income tax, this return of sources should involve the Federal Government's easing its income-tax demands. It should do this by allowing citizens to credit (as opposed to merely deduct) a sizable portion of income tax payments against federal income tax payments.



A redistribution of revenue sources through tax credits would call a lot of bluffs. All the mendicant mayors and governors currently dunning Congress for billions would suddenly be equipped to ask their own voters for those billions. John Lindsay has told Congress that it would take $50 billion to make New York "livable." Imagine what a bracing experience it would be for Lindsay to ask his constituents for that sum. Obviously if he thought his constituents would have to foot the bill for their own livable city, he would quickly revise his concept of livableness.

States and cities (like students, come to think of it) will be better creatures when they are treated like responsible moral entities. They must be exposed to certain rigors, such as paying the costs of their chosen life-styles. This homely truth is relevant to the most remarkable argument yet adduced on behalf of revenue sharing. It comes from Josiah Lee Auspitz, President of the Ripon Society:

> Revenue sharing will encourage young people to enter state and local government. This will correct the imbalance between the large supply of highly motivated young professionals that have been produced since the 1960s and the scarcity of positions at which they can effectively be employed at the federal level. Our society has reared a mass aristocracy, a whole class of young people determined to participate in public affairs, Washington does not have enough meaningful niches to satisfy them. If it does not quickly adopt a decentralizing strategy of government the country will surely suffer from apathy and unrest.

Auspitz is serious. We need revenue sharing to provide "meaningful niches" for a "whole class of young people." These "aristocrats," having been subsidized through universities where they acquired the idea that they are aristocrats, will now be subsidized in "public-affairs" roles. They will be enticed into local government by the availability of money. They will be given money to play with. This will spare them the tiresome political chore of persuading their local constituency that this money should be raised. That makes sense: It would be demeaning for aristocrats—even "highly motivated" aristocrats—to dicker with the people over possession of the people's money. So revenue sharing is the way to get the young to "work" (play, really) within the system.

This argument is a sobering indication of the lengths to which people will go, and feel they have to go, to defend revenue sharing.

Fortunately, no argument is going to carry revenue sharing very far very fast.

Congress is going to treat the President's proposal as coolly as the President has treated Congress, and that is good. For four decades this nation has plodded steadily down the wrong road in domestic policy. This road leads away from a meaningful federalism and toward that which the Founding Fathers all feared—a unified, continental nation administered from an imperial capital. We are now waist-deep in this big muddy. If we adopt revenue sharing we will be eyebrow-deep, which is to say, drowning.

It will be like most federal programs, only more so. Once begun it will never be undone. We will be stuck with what David Lilienthal has long advocated, the "decentralized administration of centralized authority."

People who prefer Lilienthal's New Deal vision to the Founders can support revenue sharing. Those who side with the Founders should oppose it. □

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E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Letter from the Continent

A NASTY SHOCK

National Review, in its June 15 issue, published the results of a poll taken among college students at twelve representative institutions and found that in the eight years since the last poll American students had been effectively radicalized. Is this true everywhere? From the stories in recent years of student riots and demonstrations in Europe and the Far East (Japan), one would be inclined to think so but two recent polls in West Germany, about which Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn reports on this page, tend to discount the universality of our findings.

GERMANY has recently been startled by indications that the generation now finishing its secondary schooling is not, as had been thought, moving further left but is in fact reacting against the permissiveness of the last decade in interesting, and somewhat frightening, directions.

How do we happen to know about this? It all started with an investigation by Professor Walter Jaide of Hanover, a test of 1,800 young Germans between the ages of fifteen and nineteen. More than 200,000 answers to his long list of questions came in and were sifted with the help of a computer. The result? Professor Jaide confessed to being "somewhat shocked." Sixty-one per cent thought that National Socialism had certain "positive aspects," more than 50 per cent wanted an army strong enough to defend the country at any time without foreign aid and 33 per cent were opposed to any contacts with East Germany, the so-called German Democratic Republic (DDR). Professor Jaide is now convinced that Germany's youth is dominated by "primitive conservative" views.

A young television reporter, Wolf Lindner, refused to believe Professor Jaide's findings. He conducted an investigation of his own. He sent out 530 questionnaires to pupils in trade schools and in high schools (which carry German students through what would be the equivalent of U.S. sophomore year in college) to test the views of youngsters from all social layers. To his horror, Lindner also found the views of the young generation to be "conservative and even near-fascist." He then made a film with the almost humorous title *Don't Trust Anybody Under Twenty!*

In the film Lindner presented several young people whom he considered to be typical. A seventeen-year-old Bavarian carpenter who said the trials of war criminals should at long last be ended and who approved certain things the Nazis did: the building of superhighways, the arranging of campfire groups and torchlight festivals. As for politics, he wanted to see Christian Democrats (CDU-CSU) back in power and the beatniks and hippies arrested and sent to labor camps. A pupil from a scientific secondary school said foreign workers should be paid less than Germans since they spend their wages almost exclusively abroad (they do, indeed, live miserably in Germany). He admitted liking war films "with heroes," and he wanted the government to be strong enough to carry out its intentions.

Der Spiegel, the left-of-center weekly, was shocked by a girl from a classic *Gymnasium* who dressed in the latest fashion—slouch hat and maxicoat—but whose views were anything but "advanced": She thought the police should be provided with hand grenades and believed in capital punishment for murderers, spies and sex offenders. The attractive blonde thought that criminals should be executed publicly and brutally "as in the Middle Ages" and the executions shown on television as a deterrent.

It is obviously regrettable that the young Germans are showing less anti-Nazi feeling than their parents. I do not think that this has anything to do with the National Democratic Party (NPD) which was recently severely beaten in local elections; it is, rather, a question of generations and, at least partly, due to an understandable reaction. Today's seventeen-year-olds (to take an example) are often the children of parents who married in the early Fifties and were in their teens during the war. These parents experienced the worst aspects of Nazism: a disastrous war and the shame of the extermination camps. They are also the products of American "re-education." It is against them that the youngsters are reacting. They are also reacting against many of their teachers who belong to their parents' generation and who are, in many cases, "super-democrats" and liberals (in the American sense).

Besides the reaction against permissiveness, crime and treason, this generation is influenced by grandparents who frequently find more time to talk to the young people than do their parents. The generation born around 1900 still remembers the glory of the *Kaiserreich*, a period of rigorous discipline and simple virtues, characterized by great efficiency, an excellent administration and settled conditions. The parents, on the other hand, represent a generation of uncertainties. The young Germans in their mid-to-late twenties—many of them, at any rate—stand for chaos and have adopted the destructive creed of the New Left. But on their heels—as the two polls show—comes another generation longing for affirmations.

WHAT HAPPENED in Europe in the Twenties and Thirties is simply this: Democracy became bankrupt and was followed by organic degeneration into dictatorship, a process already described by Plato in Books Eight and Nine of *The Republic*. Then the process was reversed, not by internal evolution or revolution but by defeat in battle. This was a restoration of the type of the Bourbons' in 1814-1815, which, in spite of initial success, eventually proved a failure. The question is: Has democracy, like the Bourbons, learned nothing and forgotton nothing? It never underwent a radical reformation and it has never succeeded in arriving at a fruitful relation with stability and authority. Are we now in for another major reversal? I don't think we can entirely discount that possibility. □

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LETTER FROM ASUNCION

Paraguay's 'Popular' Dictator

SELDEN RODMAN

THREE assumptions about Latin American military regimes—they are unpopular; they remain in power by force alone; they can be imposed and/or survive only with American help—are being eroded. This erosion is easy enough to explain in the cases of Panama, Peru and Bolivia; all three dictatorships are avowedly leftist, and the latter two made the expropriation of American companies their first official acts. In the case of Brazil, the evidence is still not clear; and in the case of Argentina, the patent unpopularity of General Levingston's regime, culminating in its overthrow in March, lends credence to at least the first of the classic assumptions. But in Paraguay, where General Alfredo Stroessner's military dictatorship has ruled unchallenged for sixteen years, the paradox fairly bristles. Stroessner, even his enemies within the country concede, would poll a majority of the vote if an absolutely free election were held tomorrow. His most solid support comes not from the businessmen, the Church or even the army, but from the poorest and most numerous class in Paraguay —the *campesinos* (peasants).

To understand why this is so, it is not enough to appreciate the personality of General Stroessner and the composition of his Colorado Party, though both of these are essential. One must also go at least as far back in Paraguay's battle-scarred history as the Chaco War with Bolivia (1932-1935), and even, perhaps, to the War of the Triple Alliance (1865-1870) when the vainglorious dictator Francisco Solano López persuaded his people to challenge Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay combined, and in the process not only lost everything, including his life, but reduced Paraguay's population from just under a million to 221,079 of whom only 28,746 were adult males. The fact that Solano López is still universally revered as the father of his country tells something about Paraguay. And the fact that Paraguayans willingly suffered a second holocaust in 1932 for reasons as incomprehensible tells the rest of the pre-Stroessner story. In the square near the presidential palace (a baby-blue wedding cake built by Solano López to remind his Irish mistress of the Louvre) soldiers goose-step around a flag planted in one of the three tanks captured by the Paraguayans from the Bolivians during the Chaco War. And near the Brazilian border there still stands a monument inscribed "To Twenty Heroic Brazilians Killed by One Paraguayan Coward."

THERE IS no atmosphere of militarism or repression in the Paraguayan countryside, but in Asunción the dictator's frowning, Teutonic features stare out from every wall, lamp-post and newspaper. The Paraguayan President is an efficiency-minded military man whose pride in his country's martial past makes him want to shape things up. Within the limits of an unimaginative drillmaster's soul—poetry, art, and most things foreign are regarded as subversive—Stroessner is tireless in his efforts to modernize Paraguay. He has given it safe drinking water for the first time in its history. He has eliminated the chronic plagues of inflation and trade deficits. He has encouraged light industry, and to impress visitors has built a hotel as deluxe as any on the continent. There are no festering urban slums (in all South America only Montevideo can compare with Asunción in that respect), no beggars in the streets, no Indians in the backlands treated as a race apart as in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and even Chile. But what price do Paraguayans pay for these achievements? By what magic does Stroessner manage to keep most of them on his side, though the standard of living—the lowest in South America —rises hardly at all? Why is the opposition so helpless? And what is our role in encouraging Stroessner, or tolerating him?

Stroessner's system works largely because of Stroessner—and his ubiquitous Colorado Party. But there is a goal, and a plan of sorts. Paraguay has very little in the way of exportable minerals, and though its agricultural potential is almost limitless, the productivity of Paraguay's farms is extremely low. The long-range plan for industrialization is to harness the hydroelectric power of the tributaries of the Paraná River in the Argentine-Brazilian corner. A small dam, Acaray, was completed two years ago, and some power from it is sold to the two big neighbors. Meanwhile Paraguay and Brazil have invested $7 million in a study of a gigantic turbine system a hundred miles north of Iguazu Falls on the Paraná, and a more modest project to harness the rapids farther down the river is being studied jointly with the Argentine government. But even if Paraguay can borrow the millions required for building these two dams, the yield will still be ten years off. Dredging the Paraguay River in order to keep open Paraguay's only access to the Atlantic is a costly and constant drain on the country's reserves; and until the dredging is greatly increased, vessels of more than two thousand tons can't make it to Asunción. Paved roads to the Argentine border (one can now drive to Buenos Aires in eighteen hours) and to the Brazilian port of Paranagua have been completed; and a direct road to Montevideo is half-paved through Paraguay and Argentina.

Senator Esquiél Gonsalez Alsina, one of the bosses of Stroessner's Colorado Party, pointed out these projects to me on the wall map in his office. The major aim, he said, was to increase greatly the export of cattle and wood products to Argentina. He is an enthusiastic orator and bounded about the room so distractingly that I barely managed to take in the decor: prints of the Pope and the head of the Colorado Party, a painting of Mariscal Solano López in full battle dress, and a poster of the Virgin surmounting a drawing of Stroessner's head. I didn't expect him to tell me that dams are built at a heavy price in foreign trade revenues, that the roads (due to graft) are poorly paved and ill-maintained. But he did tell me that whereas Paraguay's agricultural productivity had quadrupled since 1955, the income therefrom to the producers had less than doubled.

"Why?" he said, in answer to my surprise. "Because of pricing in the international markets. When you dump

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a surplus item, down we go! We can't sell to Señora Gandhi's Indians because they don't have cash. But since they get wheat on a 25-year credit from you, why should they buy from the Argentines? And since they don't, the Argentines haven't the money to buy our forest products. Any questions?"

I learned more about the Colorado Party by talking to several members of its liberal wing who prefer to remain anonymous. I knew already that the party is so well-organized down to the precinct level that its claim of a membership of 660,000—out of an electorate of 800,000 in a total population of 2.3 million—is probably not altogether fictitious. A lot of these members, surely, are opportunists. They are there for the ride, the jobs, the kickbacks; but they are loyal and will turn out for a political rally, and in an election will harass the Loyal Opposition (*Liberales, Febreristas*), preventing registration in some cases, perhaps rigging the ballots if they think that is necessary. The point is that Stroessner's mass base—he spends a great deal of time cultivating his *campesino* constituents, chatting with them in Guaraní (the Indian language spoken by more Paraguayans than Spanish) and keeping his image of a benevolent father-figure always fresh—makes his position altogether secure. Moreover, Stroessner and his Colorados *believe* that they're carrying out a social revolution. If there isn't much agrarian reform, that's because land is fairly evenly distributed, and for those who don't have it, the policy of colonizing such vast unsettled areas as the Chaco seems preferable to dividing up the few sizable plantations that are productive.

THE LEADERS of the liberal wing of the Colorados emphasize a generation gap within the party. The aging directorate still thinks in terms of revenge and reprisals from the civil war of 1948 through 1954 during which Stroessner consolidated his power. The young take seriously the idea of the Colorados as a party of the poor *campesinos*. They think it should concentrate on the goal of social justice. The most revealing thing that one of them said was: "We Colorados tend to think that we have a popular mandate to do what we do, and that the opposition parties are engaged in a conspiracy. The real conflict is between our democratic doctrine of social justice and what we do as a governing group with absolute power. The opposition reacts by giving the impression outside the country that the government is repressive, whereupon *we* react in turn by cracking down on the opposition."

The real opposition, of course, comes not from the *Liberales* and *Febreristas* who poll a modest vote in elections, but from the Third World movement, which dominates the Catholic Church and would like to mobilize the university students for common action against the dictatorship. The relative freedom permitted this clerical Left must be seen against the background of Stroessner's attitude toward opposition in general. He is an uncomplicated man who sees everything in black and white.

"The Communists try to kill me," he put it back in 1960, "so I kill all Communists." There had been a two-pronged attack by Soviet-trained guerrillas that year and both columns had been wiped out because the *campesinos* had given them no support. "We have no problem with Communists and Tupamaros today," an officer told me, "because they know they won't receive any civil liberties, propaganda trials or suspended sentences here." Stroessner permits the clerical opposition because he does not consider it a threat. "They talk revolution," one of his aides told me, "but they have no programs for achieving it." Every now and then Stroessner does put the squeeze on, when he feels they've gone too far.

Padre Ramallo, for instance, was packed off to Chile in the wake of the riots that followed Nelson Rockefeller's ill-fated South American mission. When I talked to Ramallo in 1969 in Asunción he had on his desk a copy of *Communidad*, the official organ of the Catholic Bishops' Conference, containing a eulogy of Che Guevara. "The government tried to seize our paper late in August," he told me, "but the uproar among the students was so great that the suppressed issue was released. The government doesn't want an open clash with the Church."

Father Ramallo, a Harvard-educated psychologist, depicted Stroessner as a consummate politician. "Without him," he said, "it wouldn't work; and sooner or later even he is going to be trapped by the inefficiency which his balance-of-power tactic produces." "Our interest is primarily in university reform, because without student mobilization Paraguay has no future. If only the students would make contact with the people in the *campo*!" he added, shaking his head. "But most of them don't know Guaraní, and most of them still major in law—the occupation Paraguay needs least—and accept their two-year army hitch passively."

This year I went to see the most outspoken of the young clerical leaders. I asked him what Paraguay needed most. "A master plan," he replied, "with strict controls over private enterprise, which—under Stroessner—manipulates the economy. The free market doesn't satisfy the poor and the hungry. The economy is not producing what the people need."

"So you recommend . . . ?"

"First of all a just price system—along Third World lines. A price system not rigged to suit the needs of either the U.S. or the USSR. Latin America must develop its own brand of socialism, focused on *man*—a democratic socialism, like Yugoslavia's perhaps; like what Poland and Rumania would have if left alone. The means of production should be the property of the workers, not of the government. The kibbutzes of Israel are another example of what I mean."

While I was still in Paraguay, the Colorados were hoping that the Church's opposition might be defused by the inclusion of the Archbishop of Asunción in the Council of State, the organ of the executive branch which advises Stroessner and passes on decree laws. What happened was interesting. Arch-

(Continues on page 773)

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OPEN QUESTION

About Vietnamization

PEYTON M. LAKE

In "The Situation along Route 9" ["The Week," March 23] *NR* proclaimed that "as a strategy, Vietnamization seems very defective . . ." While agreeing with you, as you continue that sentence, ". . . that even a poor strategy, so long as it is fairly specific, is better than none," I believe a good case can be made supporting Vietnamization as in fact a very good strategy.

Although the specific point of discussion here is the strategic implication of Vietnamization, and understanding of its tactical implications is essential to understanding its role in the context of world political realities. In fact the strategy is difficult to separate from its tactics in logical discourse.

In the first place the war in Vietnam is a revolutionary war. Actually it would be more accurate to say that Vietnam is a revolutionary war. It is by far the most important and most sophisticated ever fought. Revolutionary war, as distinguished from some of its guerrilla tactics, is relatively new in historical terms. Probably its seeds were sown in the eighteenth century during the upheavals in France, but revolutionary war as conducted in Vietnam developed only after World War II.

Cold War Strategies . . .

In theory, it is known as a "war of national liberation."

Strategically, of course, it is an instrument of Communist foreign policy and a fundamental issue in the Sino-Soviet split. Essentially it is a strategy whereby a minority, through superior organization, terrorism, coercion and outside support, can effectively wrest power from the majority. Its attraction is that it can usually be waged at low cost and low risk to the dominant Communist powers themselves. The struggle for power, and for world domination, is a basic tenet of Communist foreign policy, and the core of our strategic problem.

On our side, the basic tenet is that our system of capitalistic free enterprise and its free political institutions is much superior to anything the Communists or socialists can offer, and is the only system of social order that is consistent with cherished traditions of Western civilization. The thrust of our strategy then is to accomplish our avowed intention *to maintain* our social system not, as some would have it, to impose our system on others.

In the case of Vietnam our specific strategic problem is that the Communist system uses the chaos of revolutionary war to seize power, and then perpetuates itself in totalitarian regimes, while our system takes time and political and economic stability. Therefore our strategic aim is to secure that time and environment, assured that peoples freed from coercion and political hopelessness will present a solid anti-Communist block with us.

Revolutionary wars are struggles for political power, and the only effective deterrent to them lies in political, not military, solutions. It is in this sense that Vietnamization is a good strategy. While military participation is always necessary when, as in Greece in 1948, Algeria in 1958-1960, and Vietnam after 1964, the revolutionary war enters the classic third stage, military tactics do not win the war.

The Western world has fought a number of revolutionary wars, and only where a feasible political alternative has been present has it won. A most notable example (there are others in the 1948-1950 period) of such success is the British experience in Malaya in the early 1950s. The British government granted Malaya independence, thus removing the very potent nationalistic cause from the Communist camp, and had trained and educated a stable, effective bureaucracy to conduct the affairs of government efficiently, thus countering the organizational network of Communist political and intelligence cadres and guerrilla bands. A most notable example of Western failure was the French experience in Algeria in 1960. Having learned the hard military lessons of Indochina, the French had eliminated the military influence of the FLN by 1960. But that is only half of winning a revolutionary war, and when nationalistic Algerians, who had fought with the French against the FLN, demanded political concessions, the French refused, and overnight threw a large majority of Algerians into the revolutionaries' camp, and thus made their position untenable.

In Vietnam the U.S. provided the military pacification of the country between 1965 and 1969. It can be well argued that even our military tactics were wrong, but until the present Vietnamization program, our greatest mistake was not providing an effective political alternative to the Communists' National Liberation Front. It was in this sense that we had a no-win strategy in Vietnam. The Vietnamese government was in chaos after various French and American intrigues, Communists had infiltrated the government to a high level, the administration of promised government reforms languished, the economy collapsed, and no government action counteracted the atomization of Vietnamese society by Communist cadres and terrorists. Indeed, in 1968 it was extremely frustrating for the last Administration and its generals to have defeated the Communist military forces on the battlefield yet to have made no significant progress toward winning the war.

. . . And Constructive Efforts

Vietnamization then must be seen not as a military program, except insofar as to build the capacity to repulse an overt invasion, but as a program to build an effective political entity, an efficient, stable government and an economy which has general popular support. The Administration and the American news media have and will continue to emphasize the military aspects of Vietnamization, for this is dramatic and where tangible evidence of progress, or lack of it, can be produced. But this is not where the decisive battles are now being fought, for this is a war for the minds of people, not of armies.

In this sense Vietnamization is not only a good strategy, it is essentially our strategic response to a Communist bid for power through the terrorism, coercion and chaos of revolutionary war. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

From the Academy

THE COUNCIL FOR BASIC EDUCATION

FIFTEEN years ago, in July 1956, there was founded the Council for Basic Education. That Council's current *Bulletin* contains a general review of what has happened (much of it disagreeable) since its founding.

Rather than repeat the Council's account of its own endeavor, I publish below a summary of the Council's nature and objectives written by Mr. Philip P. Ardery Jr., for the educational foundation of which I am president—The Educational Reviewer, Inc. Mr. Ardery's sentiments are my own.

As Mortimer Smith, Executive Director of the Council, once remarked in a report to the membership:

> Why the foundations, especially the very big ones, are not pressing money on CBE is a matter for fascinated conjecture at board and staff meetings. . . . I think some of the large foundations have become almost quasi-official bodies, and hence somewhat cautious about contributing to organizations and programs that do not fit easily into current patterns of giving. CBE is somewhat off-beat, it speaks with an independent voice, and it is not part of any establishment, new or old. It is also small, of course, and some foundations may be skeptical of the impact of an organization whose influence is not readily measurable.

CBE is all that Mr. Smith says it is, but its voice is strong and increasingly heard. The function of CBE, as outlined in its own descriptive leaflet, is

> . . . to initiate and support measures to ensure: 1) that all students, excepting only those few whose intellectual equipment is clearly too limited, receive adequate instruction in the basic intellectual disciplines, especially English, mathematics, science, history and foreign languages; 2) that the fullest opportunity is afforded to students of high ability to reach mature levels of achievement without waste of time; 3) that clear standards of actual accomplishments are used to measure each student's progress and to govern promotion to higher levels of the educational system; 4) that teachers are thoroughly educated in the subjects they teach and in current developments therein; 5) that vocational training is offered in due subordination to the school's fundamental purpose of intellectual discipline, and that standards of achievement are maintained as vigorously in vocational as in academic fields; 6) that school administrators are encouraged and supported in resisting pressures to divert school time to activities of minor educational significance, to curricula overemphasizing social adjustment at the expense of intellectual discipline, and to programs that call upon the school to assume responsibilities properly belonging to the home, to religious bodies, and to other agencies.

A dedication to these goals infuses every document CBE issues. Foremost among its publications is the *CBE Bulletin*, published monthly during the school year, and, in Smith's words, "our chief means of reaching the public." Well-written and wholly free of the jargon that clots the prose of so many other educational journals, the *Bulletin* is the best medium for any citizen who wishes to keep himself informed about important things that are happening to schools.

Edited by Mr. Smith, the *Bulletin* casts a cautious eye on innovation, and penetrates to the substance of changes in education. Also CBE issues a series of "Occasional Papers" dealing with various educational topics, and sponsors the publication of books.

CBE offers the following membership classes: regular membership, $5 per year; sustaining, $10; contributing, $100; patron, $1,000. Members of all classes receive the *Bulletin* and the Occasional Papers, and may vote at annual or special meetings. Those who wish may subscribe to the *Bulletin* without becoming members of CBE—at $4 a year.

AMEN to Mr. Ardery. It is not possible to measure accurately the influence of such an organization as the Council for Basic Education; but it has informed and heartened and alerted many people who otherwise would not know where to turn, as they see the essential intellectual disciplines neglected in the schools their children attend. There exists a Remnant always—as Isaiah, Matthew Arnold, Bernard Iddings Bell and Albert Jay Nock inform us; and CBE speaks to that educational Remnant in this land. Though CBE, like others who speak to Remnants, never sees most of the folk whom it moves, nevertheless it is heard; and some renewal occurs in consequence.

Practically everybody who reads this page of mine ought to belong to CBE, or to help sustain its work. One should write to the Council for Basic Education, 725 Fifteenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C. At the time of enrollment, new members will receive free of charge a copy of Dr. James D. Koerner's book *Who Controls American Education?*—or, if they wish, another book chosen by them from the list of CBE's publications.

There are eight other books in this series, all of them mightily helpful to people who perceive that many schools have gone wrong on first principles: Koerner's *Reform in Education: England and the United States*; Smith's *Citizen's Manual for Public Schools*; *A Decade of Comment on Education*, edited by Smith; *High School English Textbooks: a Critical Survey*, by James Lynch and Bertrand Evans; Admiral Rickover's *Swiss Schools and Ours*; Charles H. Schutter's and Richard L. Spreckelmeyer's *Teaching the Third R: A Comparative Study of American and European Textbooks in Arithmetic*; *Tomorrow's Illiterates: The State of Reading Instruction Today*, edited by Charles Child Walcutt; and *The Case for Basic Education*, edited by Koerner.

Among CBE's present or past officers are some of the people who have done most to stir up intelligent public interest in educational questions—Jacques Barzun, Arthur Bestor, Clifton Fadiman, John F. Latimer (president of the Classical Association), James Koerner, and others. Despite my low opinion of most big "charitable" foundations, I remain astonished that only a handful of small or middle-sized foundations ever have helped CBE; and that the Council contrives to accomplish so much of enduring value on a tiny budget. □

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BOOKS

Justice at Last

Dickens the Novelist
By F. R. & Q. D. Leavis
Pantheon Books, 371 pp., $10

JOHN BRAINE

I was eight years old when I was introduced to Dickens by Miss Watson, one of those dedicated spinsters to whom those of my generation owe so much. Miss Watson read to us from *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Little Dorrit* and *Great Expectations*; I've had an especial affection for those novels ever since. It's fashionable to say that encounter with great literature at school puts one off it for life; this wasn't the case with me.

Throughout my adult years I've never ceased to enjoy Dickens, nor to be consumingly interested in whatever has been written about his life and his work. But until now I haven't valued him properly. The most humbling thing about the Leavis book is the clarity with which it sets out my misconceptions.

The worst of it is that they're not even my own misconceptions. I have seen Dickens as "a gigantic dwarf," a novelist whose strength resides in his comic characters. I've seen him, in Orwell's words, as essentially Gothic—rotten architecture, wonderful details. I have seen him as a writer whose vision of life was essentially immature, violently sentimental, melodramatic and strident.

I certainly haven't seen him as a novelist to be compared in the same breath with Balzac or Tolstoy or Dostoevsky. I have nevertheless continued to read him, purely for pleasure. I may be fool enough to accept the critical consensus on Dickens without thinking much about it; I'm not such a fool as to allow myself to be put off reading him.

I certainly wouldn't accept the consensus of critical opinion on any living author; but when an author's been dead a hundred years one presumes that time has sifted out the nonsense. It is the purpose of the Leavises to "enforce as unanswerably as possible the conviction that Dickens was one of the greatest of creative writers; that with the intelligence inherent in creative genius, he developed a fully conscious devotion to his art, becoming as a popular and fecund, but yet profound, serious and wonderfully resourceful practicing novelist, a master of it . . ."

Rightly the Leavises are scornful of "those academics and journalists who are determined to explain away Dickens' creative *oeuvre* as the uncontrolled product of childhood obsessions or experiences, or of a psychological abnormality, or of a consistent lifelong exhibition of manias . . ." But little space is spent on denouncing Dickens' modern critics. That would be negative. Though indeed an amusing if ultimately saddening book might be written about the loonier theories on Dickens, from Edmund Wilson's onward. What is really important is to denounce the notion that Dickens could only create comic grotesques—gargoyles, in short—and that what is behind the intricate construction of his novels is the need to meet the requirements of the serial market, not artistic necessity.

What weighs heavily against Dickens' claim to be a serious (for want of a better word) artist is of course his relationship with his public. This was extremely important to him. He wrote to entertain the public, he gave his readers something of himself over and above his writing, and they gave him something back over and above their shillings. Even before the public readings, his relationship with his readers was comparable to that of an actor with his audience. And it's this which academic critics in particular won't forgive; they believe that popularity and artistic integrity are mutually exclusive. Their ideal writer is alienated from the general public, just as he is alienated from the form of society in which he lives.

Dickens the Novelist is not, the authors specifically state, a general survey of Dickens' work. It deals with *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit* and *Great Expectations*, all of which have in varying degrees been undervalued. Undervalued? Let me say, quite explicitly, so misread by most of us as scarcely to have been read at all. We've gone through the cake picking out the currants and raisins and candied peel, leaving the cake itself on our plate.

What those of us who love the novel are always looking for, the taste and shape and sound of life itself, has always been there in Dickens' novels. And we've passed it by, we have been misled even by writers of the stature of Orwell, we haven't appreciated the magnificence of the cathedral, we haven't even looked at it from outside much less gone in to worship. We've been too absorbed by the gargoyles—Mr. Micawber, Sarah Gamp, Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Bumble and the rest.

It isn't that they aren't comic creations of genius, sufficient in themselves to secure Dickens' survival as a writer. But how much more Dickens has to give, Dr. and Mrs. Leavis have for the first time made me realize. Nowhere more so than in their chapter on *Dombey and Son*, which I read out of a sense of duty some twenty years ago, dismissing it as a lugubrious piece of Victorian sentimentality. Sentimental, when examined clearly and without any of our literary Establishment's prejudices, is the very last term one would use. →

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"Life, of course, in the pages dealing with Paul's education, is above all —is focally and insistently—the child, the emergent sentience and awareness, and these pages give us childhood with the unique Dickensian vividness, delicacy and truth. And we are made to recognize that this power of recall is not something apart in Dickens. . . . He has not forgotten; in achieving the rare maturity his genius represents he has lost nothing. The genius is an intense concern for the real . . ."

YES, THAT'S IT. An intense concern for the real—that's what the novel is all about. The urge to be a novelist doesn't start from childhood deprivation, from any conflict in the psyche at any level, it doesn't start from the desire to change society. It starts with a passionate and devouring interest in things as they are.

How could I have failed to see it? Because then this book hadn't been written and because no one, to the best of my knowledge, had written anything along the same lines. And I hadn't then begun to think seriously about the business of writing novels. I knew that I was going to write a novel, but imagined it was merely a question of acquiring a technique, learning the tricks of the trade.

Tolstoy knew what sort of a novelist Dickens was, knew that *David Copperfield*, for instance, isn't simply the easy read with Micawber and Co. and the marvelous opening passages about David's childhood. It is a mature, adult novel about love, and Dickens' treatment of the David-Dora-Agnes relationship was very much in his mind when he wrote *War and Peace*. And perhaps Steerforth and Little Emily were in his mind when he wrote *Resurrection*.

And that's something which I should have perceived for myself; I've read Tolstoy, I've read about him, I have visited his country and home town, I should have been aware of his debt to Dickens. I'm humbled again; and yet another humiliation follows. I've always felt that the creative artist stood higher than the critic. But with the Leavises criticism becomes creative, rises high above mere analysis, makes reading as important as writing. And that's hard for any professional writer to live with, a punishment for the overweening pride to which even the most inept of us are addicted. □

The Memoirs of Marshal Zhukov
By G. K. Zhukov
Delacorte, 703 pp., $15

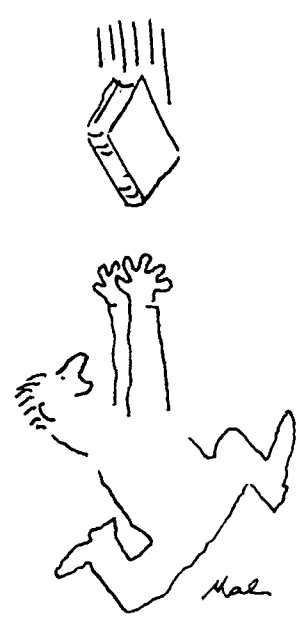
SOLDIER AS PROPAGANDIST

S. L. A. MARSHALL

As was made clear by the reading of Marshal Vasili I. Chuikov's books on Stalingrad and the fall of Berlin, when a Soviet high commander turns author, there is an extra dimension to his writing not to be found in the works of equally celebrated military figures from elsewhere.

Let no one be deceived; I am not referring to unassuming modesty as might become the leader of a people's army. The ego not only glows and glitters, it fairly blazes. Marshal Zhukov would probably be able to strut while seated. He is as chesty over his gauds as Sir Bernard L. Montgomery or Douglas MacArthur and his deeds are nowhere understated.

The extra something added is propaganda, or call it party poppycock. From start to finish, the eminent soldier is an unblushing huckster, peddling the Communist line. This is to say that wherever it suits his purpose, Zhukov falsifies, exaggerates, omits and recirculates cock-and-bull to glorify the Soviet system and put down all else with no more scruple than Munchausen or Goebbels. As is said of the devil, everything has to be twisted before it is of any use.



The world over, only the Russians under Communism are decent and peace-loving. Wars are made by the nasty imperialists. Of earth's military elite, only Russians have courage, nobility and honor in full measure. The USSR downed Hitler and fascism practically singlehanded; the Allies dragged their feet, did not want to invade and all along sought an opening to knife the Soviets in the back. Stalingrad was the one great battle, compared to which El Alamein and the Ardennes were minor alley brawls. After the fall of Berlin, General Eisenhower withdrew his troops from Thuringia only because Zhukov bullied him into it. At Potsdam President Truman hinted to Stalin about the atom bomb only because he sought to intimidate him. Thereon Old Joe rallied his cohorts and said: "Get busy, boys, and finish building the same kind of bomb for me," and, voilà, it was done.

That is how Zhukov piles it high with his pitchfork, and while I do not object to a smell so familiar, the experience of having to wallow in the product raises several questions. Has he heard such fables so oft repeated that he comes to believe them or must even a soldier of his eminence deliberately subvert truth to get published in the USSR? When so much is patently false, what else in the memoir is to be trusted as a contribution to history?

What is omitted may best signify where the answers lie. Though Zhukov got the big breaks that started him up the command ladder in the Red-White wars of the early 1920s, Leon Trotsky is barely mentioned twice—once when he exited—and nothing is said of how he built the Red Army. M. N. Tukhachevsky is praised early in the game as an inspiring leader and military thinker, then he is dropped as a character and there is no reference to the atrocious purges in which Stalin liquidated him.

Old Joe is lauded as a master of the big picture in war with the MacNamarish fault of trying to control all of its technical details. Yet when the Nazi buildup came along the western frontier, he saw it and would not believe it, and shrugged off Winston Churchill's warning as British skulduggery, with the consequence that his armies went unwarned until the clock struck midnight. And the marshals and generals around him were no less stupid and did not really try to awaken him to the danger.

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Zhukov writes like a man wholly lacking in humor. All of life is viewed through smoked glass. Extolling comradeship, he exudes little of the spirit that is its essence. More curious still, while there can be little room for doubt about his stature as a developer and leader of massive forces, the pages of his book reflect little or no original military thinking. It is a conventional and pedestrian effort compared, for example, to Field Marshal von Mannstein's memoir which dealt graphically and instructively with the contrasting problems at the various levels of high command.

What is truly amusing is that Zhukov hoots at modern German military memoirs, terming them all self-serving apologia, and whereas few German papers have that character, Soviet memoirs recall the taunt I knew as a small boy: "You're double everything you call me."

ABOUT THE personal story, the theme would have been a natural for James Otis who authored *Up the Slope, Bound To Rise* and *Do or Die*. The child, G. K. Zhukov, lived in such hideous poverty and deprivation that it is a miracle he still survives, a robust character approaching seventy-five. His kiddy adversities are blamed on the Czar, though Russian inhumanity toward fellow Russian appears to have been somewhat oppressing. Lifted from his slough of despond by a beast of a wealthy uncle, he became a Muscovite master furrier by 1914 while still in his teens.

Then came the war, and G. K. Zhukov turned cavalryman, took to soldiering like a tabby takes to catnip. Thereafter there is no stopping him. His career, like that of Cal Coolidge, is as if he were placed on a moving belt with no one in place to stop or reverse the machinery. While still in his early thirties, he was already a regimental commander.

There must have been present some great talent, initiative or military genius that 'twould have been death to hide. Otherwise, how he got where he did must remain a puzzlement. One reads the memoir only to continue pondering the mystery. As for loyalty to his bosses and to the system, he deviated from adoration of his chief when he felt that the odds made it a fairly good bet, but on the other hand, he was the untiring and devoted son and servant of the system all the way. □

First Things, Last Things
By Eric Hoffer
Harper, 132 pp., $4.95

WHOSE COUNTRY?

RONALD BERMAN

There is a fine passage in *The Way We Live Now* describing the art of murder by review. It takes only an hour, Trollope suggests, to work up enough expertise on any subject to make the author look like a natural idiot. There is at least some temptation to do that here. Reasons exist to praise Mr. Hoffer —his temperament, common sense and splendid act of self-creation—but he ought not to be mistaken for a savant. This book is shot through with some of the most appalling amateurisms in archaeology, history, philosophy and social thought that it has ever been my pleasure to grade C minus. Enough said; the reader will detour through all this and turn to other things of value.

There are some good things on those whom I would call the young by vocation: those past the voting age whose style of life is an assertion of innocence. Mr. Hoffer is amusingly sensitive to the beaded businessman, the professor whose holy anger at the given world imitates the purism of those more interesting heresies that have preceded us. As for those who are not innocent by fiat he is considerably more honest than the youth-worshipers of our universities and ladies' magazines. It is helpful to speculate about the symptoms of alienation, the more so since their causes have gotten the biggest whitewash since the Royal Nonesuch showed up in Bricksville, Arkansas.

The received opinion, of course, is that the current crop of adolescents is pretty well sanctified. They are the most humanitarian of us all; their views on Vietnam and civil rights are undisputed Gospel; they would make the universities into images of their own excellence; they are everybody's social conscience; their taste in music is a corrective to our spiritual dullness; even their drugs and sexuality are symbolic of a deeper attachment than our own to the passions that make us Man. For an encore, they walk on water.

A distinct pleasure to hear instead of the possibility that they sin without pleasure or wit. Mr. Hoffer is attuned to their obscenity, their insolence, even the tempo of their violence. He sees their passivity and redundance. I especially liked his home-grown remarks on the seriousness of radicalism—we remind ourselves that those able to sit through six hours of a Castro harangue are able to indulge simultaneously in boredom and moral narcissism.

The fact, of course, is that our new Franciscans are affluent beyond the dreams of alchemy. Social consciousness now takes them to be as poor as their ideals proclaim, but the student Left is a product of the moneyed class. Slogans advocating the most relentless change, the negation of either our foreign policy, economy or domestic morals, appear on automobiles worth thousands of dollars. The voices of protest sing on high-fidelity equipment worth at least a teacher's ransom. Books that urge upon us the transcendence of materialism guarantee to their authors all the pleasures of consumption. Nothing is more astonishing, really, than the invention of poverty. How much it costs to buy an outfit that will make you look poor!

There are some observations on the connection between money and the status conferred by rebellion:

> An interesting peculiarity of present-day dissenting intellectuals is their lack of animus toward the rich. They are against the government, the Congress, the Army and the police, and against corporations and unions, but hardly anything is being said or written against "the money changers in the temple," "the economic royalists," "the malefactors of great wealth" and "the maniacs wild for gold" who were the butts of vituperation in the past. Indeed, there is nowadays a certain rapport between the rich and the would-be revolutionaries.

We have seen this better done by Mr. Tom Wolfe but a truism may be reasonably appreciated in all its forms.

First Things, Last Things has gotten onto something that only recently has engaged intellectual historians, that is, the alliance between the radical rich and the counterculture. It has taken several forms. Purely as a matter of style it has been convenient for the visible rich—figures raised to celebrity by the largesse of stardom or publication—to be identified with the ideals of those who finance their careers. The youthful audience demands an artist at least symbolically young. And, of

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the Bulletin regularly)

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Please act
NOW!

"I just can't understand that," said this friend of mine (who knows the news business well). "With such a fantastically high renewal rate, why do you have any trouble finding new people to try it?"

I dunno, I told him (and I tell you too), but we do. Fact is, a great many of you have never tried the NR Bulletin* at all. Evidently I am only being accurate in saying that you don't know what you're missing, because those select friends who do try it love it, thus producing the impressive renewal statistics which so fascinated my friend. He said: "You're doing something wrong. Don't try to make them subscribe, just get them to try it -- the Bulletin will sell itself. Send 'em each a free copy, why don't you? Tell 'em 'here's an opportunity you won't want to miss' -- that kind of thing. You know." OK, he wins, and so do you. Just fill out and return the card facing this page.

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*The Bulletin is the fortnightly newsletter published by National Review, Inc. (it appears on those weeks when the magazine itself is not published).

*The Bulletin specializes in short, crisply-written news items often "overlooked" by the regular press. The most popular section is "People" because it prints so much inside information about political personalities. M. Stanton Evans writes a column on national affairs. "Winston" is the pseudonym for the Bulletin's secret super-scoop who reports from Washington on the latest goings-on in the White House and on Capitol Hill.

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WFBjr.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *C. S. Lewis: Speaker and Teacher* discusses his verbal skills (Zondervan, $4.95; paper $1.95). . . . A paperback original on *Eugen von Boehm-Bawerk* from Columbia by Robert Kuenne ($1.45). . . . Former Austrian Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg records his own memories of the Anschluss in *The Brutal Takeover* (Atheneum, $12.50). . . . Mark Hatfield wrestles with *Conflict and Conscience*, deplores the "theological 'silent majority' who wrap their Bibles in the American flag" (Word, $4.95). . . . Victor Seroff describes himself as "the last great intimate companion" of Isadora Duncan, details several of her conquests in *The Real Isadora* (Dial, $10).

■ FALL SPORTS BOOKS: Richard Beddoes, Stan Fischler and Ira Gitler have revised their *Hockey!* (Macmillan, October, $9.95). . . . The AP sports staff collaborate on *A Century of Sports*. Lots of photos (Hammond, September, $9.95). . . . Morris Ralbovsky tells about the five big ones in *The Super Bowl*, with photos and play diagrams (Hawthorn, $7.95). . . . Fran Tarkenton hopes to score with *Broken Patterns* (Simon & Schuster, November, $5.95).

*New York Times*man Joseph Durso surveys the money side of sports in *The All-American Dollar* (Houghton, October, $7.95). . . . *The American Sportsman Treasury* is a collection of articles and pictures from the defunct magazine of the same name (Knopf, $15). . . . Willis Reed shares *A View from the Rim* with Phil Pepe (Lippincott, November, $4.95).

■ AUGUST BOOKS: C. W. Ceram turns to Indians for his new one, *The First American* (Harcourt, $9.95). . . . Back in print, Murray Rothbard's two-volume *Man, Economy and State* (Nash, $30). . . . *The Collected Poetry of Aldous Huxley* is edited by Donald Watt (Harper, $7.50).

■ LOOKING TOWARD SEPTEMBER. *Something Beautiful for God* is the biography of a nun from Calcutta by Malcolm Muggeridge (Harper, $5.95). . . . Helen MacInnes' new one is *Message from Malaga* (Harcourt, $6.95). From the same house, Kingsley Amis ponders *What Became of Jane Austen? and Other Questions* ($6.50). . . . Graham Greene's autobiography has a characteristic title, *A Sort of Life* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . *Walter Reuther: Labor's Rugged Individualist* is a worshipful biography by Jean Gould and Lorene Hickok (Dodd, Mead, $6.95). . . . *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* by Stewart Brand is the final issue (Random House, $5). Is Armageddon next? . . . *The Life of a Useless Man* is a newly discovered Gorki novel translated by Moura Budberg (Doubleday, $6.95). . . .

course, there has been for some time a traditional form of radicalism in the youth industry. In addition, Mr. Hoffer implies that there is more to the relationship of rich and radical than mere chic. He has some thoughtful remarks on the alienated rich and their drive for status in a culture that values idealism and perceives it to function in terms of social change.

There are at least the dim outlines in this book of the appreciation (one hopes not a religion) of the commonplace. Mr. Hoffer insists on the presence of the workingman in this culture; of the real and ardent attachment between the common man and his social institutions; on the debt intellectuals owe to those who make their own functions possible. In that sense the book is deeply populistic.

The leading motif of *First Things, Last Things* is in fact the distinction between social facts and intellectual interpretations. It comes out in many ways: "In the longshoremen's union the intellectuals have a nervous breakdown any time a common, barely literate longshoreman runs for office and gets elected. To me it seems axiomatic that the common people everywhere are our natural allies, and that our chief contribution to the advancement of mankind should be the energizing and activation of common folk." Both good and bad. It is of sufficient interest that as this appears sociologists are reminding themselves that the working classes have been alarmingly neglected in the recent past. If only as a political imperative they are fit subjects for study. In fact, even in such august proceedings as those conducted by the American Jewish Committee it has become plain that the attention lavished on radical youth and alienated intellectuals has prevented us from coming to terms with the social views of what is quite frankly the majority: those cabdrivers, shopkeepers and postal employees to whom the radicalism of their betters is a mortification. We can expect more of this recognition. It is a stupendous irony that intellectuals having forfeited the public confidence it now remains to make our praise of ignorance. But that has been done before. □

Economics Peace and Laughter
By John Kenneth Galbraith
Houghton, 382 pp., $7.95

KEEPING UP WITH JKG

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

The largest single white-collar occupational group in the United States consists of over five million educators. They are responsible for spending about $65 billion a year of state, federal and local tax monies, endowment income and tuition charges, the vast portion of which goes for their own salaries. They practice planned obsolescence with a zeal that would make General Motors blush. There is an almost predictable cycle in teaching Johnny how to read, spell and add; junior-college districts compete to be the first in elaborate visual aids, swimming pools and theatrical equipment; universities and colleges frantically scour the country for talent to establish black-studies institutes and programs.

And the worst practitioners of planned obsolescence are the professors of economics, with their biennial revisions of best-selling textbooks. What lowly instructor dares have his students buy inexpensive, second-hand copies of Samuelson's fifth, when the sixth, with a few revised charts and half a dozen new footnotes, can be purchased at the college bookstore. Supported by tax revenues, endowed chairs and students who must buy their books, the educators have succeeded in imposing what Professor Galbraith would call "demand management" to a degree which hair-rinse magnates can only dream of. Or so an ungrateful student of Professor Galbraith's might reason.

In *Economics Peace and Laughter*, the Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard shares with us his previously published thoughts on the quality of life, Keynesian economics, foreign policy, Vermont (among other places), and a variety of notables, ranging from Nikita Khrushchev to William F. Buckley, from Albert Speer to Richard Nixon. Those who are acquainted with Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* and *The New Industrial State* will find the present volume to be a diverse collection of occasionally entertaining essays, distinguished more for what they reveal of the interests and

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personality of their author than for their originality or fresh ideas.

When viewed in conjunction with his earlier works, and in light of his political activity on behalf of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, the essays suggest to this observer that Galbraith's true role, whether he knows it or not, is that of the leading undercover apologist for the educational Establishment. From the comfort of an endowed chair at Harvard, he publishes in *Fortune*, the *New York Times Book Review* and the *Atlantic*. Having established his apparent independence of the educational Establishment by studiously avoiding the textbook racket and by making a stinging attack on the conventional wisdom of his own discipline (a choice example of which, "The Language of Economics," appears in this book), he is now free to attack the tax-paying corpus which might threaten to come alive and demand that our schools and colleges teach students to write literate English, an accomplishment which any reader of term papers knows would represent an historic achievement. Or perhaps, worse yet, the public might even decide that a disproportionate share of our nation's resources is being devoted to what passes for education and too little to national defense.

Believing that the best defense is a good offense, Galbraith places responsibility for any ills which afflict the educational Establishment on the shoulders of "big business." Or, as he puts it, "the unprecedented demands of the industrial system for qualified manpower." Indeed, it is the industrial system which is supposed to be responsible for most of the ills of present-day America. This almost ritualistic invocation of the industrial system as the source of all that is unpleasant, combined with Galbraith's conclusion that an enlarged public sector is desirable, exposes the highly personal value judgments which dominate Galbraith's reasoning.

THE FIRST and most important function of the public sector is that of providing for the common defense; yet the professor insists we spend too much. In this case, as in every other case of public expenditure which meets with his disapproval, the blame is placed on "the industrial system." The possibility that the public sector itself is even more guilty of empire building and misallocation of resources than the industrial system is largely ignored. Clearly, it is not the public sector per se which Galbraith supports, but only those public-sector services which he personally feels we all deserve more of. Perhaps those supplied by the Army Corps of Engineers.

The critical factor in his thesis of "producer sovereignty," which Galbraith consistently ignores, is time. A carefully researched and extravagantly promoted new product from some industrial giant may well achieve a large volume of sales shortly after introduction. But this does not prove that producer sovereignty can last over a period of years. Dupont is reputed to have lost $100 million on its leather substitute Corfam. I suspect they may have grounds for suing Galbraith, since one of the developers' assumptions was that people desired long-lasting shoes, and were willing to pay a slight premium for this quality. It turned out, however, that rapid changes in public tastes have meant that shoe fashions change so rapidly that no one wanted to buy Corfam shoes. Which leaves us with the intriguing question: "Did Professor Galbraith?" □

The Grandees: America's Sephardic Elite
By Stephen Birmingham
Harper, 368 pp., $10

TALES OF AN ELITE

EDOUARD RODITI

Stephen Birmingham's best-selling *Our Crowd* inspired a few years ago, in *Commentary* and elsewhere, a storm of discussion and criticism. It was pointed out, on the one hand, that Birmingham attached too much importance to mere money and to the kind of ostentatious eccentricity that supplies tabloid columnists with juicy gossip, but neglected intellectual achievement, especially in letters and the arts, so that he failed to mention, within the great Seligman banking clan, the three truly remarkable Stettheimer sisters, once leaders of New York's avant garde. Florine Stettheimer is indeed still remembered as a pioneer American modernist painter of real talent, while her sister Ettie distinguished herself, under the name Henrie Waste, as a novelist whose works have never earned the acclaim that they deserve.

On the other hand, it was also argued that most of the families whose rise to prominence Birmingham discussed in *Our Crowd* had come to America from rural South German or Swiss communities that were culturally very underprivileged so that only the Schiffs and the Warburgs, who came from Frankfurt and Hamburg, brought to New York a real awareness of German-Jewish traditions and values. Birmingham's claim that his choice of New York's German-Jewish financial and philanthropic elite represents America's only real aristocracy was thus hotly contested.

Had Birmingham analyzed less hurriedly or superficially the ideas and ideals that these few families had inherited from their European origins, he might have understood more clearly that August Belmont, for instance, tended to ape in America the grand manner and the opulent standard of living of the European Rothschilds, whose financial interests he represented in New York. The Schiffs and Warburgs, however, set themselves other and less ostentatious ideals. Without abandoning their Judaism for Christianity, they tended to follow the example of Berlin's great Mendelssohn-Bartholdy family of bankers rather than that of the Paris, London or Vienna Rothschilds.

In *The Grandees*, Birmingham now considers the history of America's tiny Sephardic-Jewish elite with the same distorted vision that warped his view of *Our Crowd*. All too readily, he accepts mere gossip and hearsay as historical fact. But the oral traditions of family lore with which the late Miss Elvira Nathan Solis, a maiden aunt of New York's Nathan clan, once regaled her nephews and nieces in a Central Park West mansion can scarcely be accepted as indisputably documented proof of aristocratic origins or "connections" in medieval Spain and Portugal. Actually, none of America's older Sephardic families, many of which had settled in the colonies before their independence, ever claimed aristocratic Spanish or Portuguese ancestry before the publication, in mid-nineteenth-century England, of two very popular romantic novels, Benjamin Disraeli's *Coningsby* and George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, both of which contain remarkably romantic characters, Sidonia and Deronda, who repeatedly boast of their aristocratic origins.

In spite of its many shortcomings,

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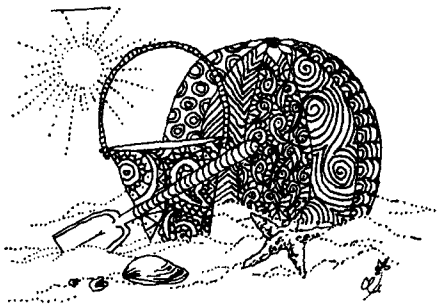
The Grandees remains a very readable compendium of facts and fantasies concerning a little-known area of America's social history. Birmingham's brief biography of Uriah Phillips Levy, the first Jewish officer of the American Navy, is dramatic, humorous and concise. Not



only does it remind us that Levy was responsible for abolishing flogging in our Navy, but it also corrects some vicious nonsense about him and his family, as former owners of Monticello, that continues to be diffused by guidebooks and guides among visitors to this national shrine.

BUT POOR Uriah Phillips Levy was considered by his own family a bit of a nuisance, if not a black sheep. As one reads *The Grandees*, one cannot help feeling that Birmingham's posthumously adopted "Aunt" Elvira Nathan Solis and most other socially prominent New York Sephardim whom he discusses had a passion for "pie in the sky" and insisted too much on unproven aristocratic origins while discouraging or even despising their few friends or relatives who managed to make a name for themselves in American life. A list of the nineteenth-century American Sephardim who thus distinguished themselves and whose names never appear in *The Grandees* would lead us far beyond the necessary limits of the present book review.

Birmingham might well have wasted fewer pages on pretentious society-women, and he might then have devoted more space to their husbands, such as the distinguished portrait-painter Jacob Hart Lazarus, whom he barely mentions, or to the painters Theodore Sydney Moise (1806-1883) and Solomon Nunes Carvalho (1815-1894), whom he neglects to mention at all. The latter, in particular, deserved attention both as painter and pioneer photographer and as the author of *Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West*, which he wrote and published in 1857, after accompanying Colonel Fremont on his historic expedition.

It is useful, however, that such books as *Our Crowd* and *The Grandees* be written by relative outsiders, such as Stephen Birmingham, even if they may fail to understand some of the more intricate problems of Jewish or of Spanish and Portuguese history and tradition. Stephen Birmingham has already managed to inspire, in the non-Jewish reading public, a sympathetic interest in the life and history of America's Jewish communities. Now it is up to more qualified scholars to follow his lead and write other books which, without being too specialized for the general reader, will yet avoid some of the pitfalls into which the garrulous pretensions of Miss Elvira Nathan Solis, Mr. Piza Mendes and a few other mildly megalomaniac amateur genealogists and historians have led the author of *The Grandees*. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TARANTULA, *by Bob Dylan* (Macmillan, *137 pp., $3.95*). Dylan turned thirty yesterday. He wrote this when he was twenty-five; wouldn't let it be published until now because of unspecified qualms. Why no more qualms? Dunno—perhaps he decided aah, the hell with it, let Macmillan cash in on yesterday. *Tarantula* is self-consciously weird fantasy-snatches—like, well, siky-dellic—punctuated by droll little postcards and letters from Out There: William Burroughs and Don Marquis alternating. But then they say Proust wrote some really lousy folksongs. C. H. SIMONDS

THE NEW RACISM: REVERSE DISCRIMINATION IN AMERICA, *by Lionel Lokos (Arlington, 470 pp., $9.95)*. Condoning in Negroes what it would condemn in whites, a new racism, according to Lokos, has become the trend in America. This new racism has been examined by other writers, most notably Tom Wolfe, but never in the detail and with the supporting evidence present here. It is probably no accident that a very large part of the Lokos case is built on materials from New York. With John Lindsay and Leonard Bernstein in the arena along with James Perkins the target is just too broad to miss. Bernstein, however, seems to have defeated himself. So, too, did Perkins. There is some hope, then, that the Lindsay path will lead to its logical end. That end would be, if Lokos is right, a recognition by all that the new racism is harmful to Negroes and to whites, in the same way that slavery tended to destroy the moral fiber of the owners while denying dignity to the owned. The new racism, built on assumptions about the inferiority of the Negro, is a nearly perfect prescription for the destruction of moral strength and for the denial of dignity. W. D. JACOBS

THE TASHKENT CRISIS, *by William Craig (Dutton, 279 pp., $6.95)*. On page three a senator is described as "white-maned." Oh oh, I think, there's trouble ahead between Mr. Craig and me. But by page 41 when the hot line in the White House clatters: "We hereby demand the unconditional surrender of your country effective 72 hours from this transmission," my personal surrender has already been assured. A story is what William Craig knows how to tell, and this one is a dilly—to upstage Armageddon is hard. What's it to be? Surrender? A first strike? A retaliatory second strike? If Russia's secret weapon can be located can a CIA operation be mounted against it with any chance of success? A strategic air strike on that specific target would be surer, but also more provocative. And the clock ticks on: 63 hours, 52, 38, 24, ten. . . . How does President Stark deal with his own inner entourage, with the better dead than red and the better red than dead elements? Can he evacuate Washington (which Moscow has designated as the first target for obliteration) without letting the press know the real reason for the evacuation? What does a truly peace-loving, humanitarian, not particularly brilliant, President do in a situation in which he, alone, must make the decision that can destroy 100 million people (American and Russian) or kill no one but enslave 200 million—as a starter? Buy the book and find out. I'd lend you my copy but my waiting list for it is already very very long. P. L. BUCKLEY

U.S.A. AND THE SOVIET MYTH, *by Lev E. Dobriansky (Devin-Adair, 274 pp., $6.50)*. Dobriansky's book on recommended U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union remains to be written; but he has given us a valuable description of the Russians' imperial domination over various national minorities from the Baltic to the Pacific. Unfortunately, he hammers at the same few points until the reader has to push himself into the next chapter. Repeated ad nauseam is the fact that "Russia" is not the USSR, but only a small part thereof. On the other hand, he does show that what most of us call Communist imperialism has a long history of Russian identity; and he goes on to suggest that we probe for and exploit the USSR's weaknesses among its national minorities. Refusing to recognize the legitimacy of Russian domination of these groups would put us on the offensive, thus denying the Russians their accustomed sanctuary. D. B. DUVAL

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Arts & Manners

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Back to Bourbonland

In my last Delectations, I left you, dear reader, at the entrance to the tall hillside storehouse in Clermont, Kentucky, where Beam bourbon reposes on its way to mellow, legal maturity. The same heartwarming sight, in different surroundings, can be observed wherever fine bourbon is made by people who have become household words: Old Taylor, Old Crow, Old Grand-Dad, Old Fitzgerald, I. W. Harper and Bourbon Supreme.

It's also heartwarming to be in an atmosphere of respect for old, tried and true ways of doing things which have made bourbon into the best-selling American spirit and the one that chic Europeans now favor rather than their traditional Scotch. Happiness, to Europeans, is as many bottles of bourbon as they can get from their American friends, so that they can both quaff a spirit they love and make an excellent impression on others at the same time.

But all is not so quiet as it seems in the dusky ambience of the storehouses. Like sleeping people, sleeping whiskey breathes—through its white oak barrels. This produces evaporation, which reduces the volume, so that, according to the Old Taylor people, fifty gallons go down to as little as 39 in four years.

The thing that really got me was the amount of money lying there peacefully in the rows upon rows of whiskey barrels. Not so much the money the bourbon is worth, but the tax money, which boggles the mind. Assume that there are twenty thousand barrels of bourbon, with fifty gallons each, in a storehouse. The federal tax on each 100-proof gallon is $10.50, which makes a tax of $525 per barrel. Multiply this by twenty thousand and you come up with $10.5 million of federal tax money—a liquid Fort Knox. And this money is government money, even before the bourbon is sold.

Which brings me to another thing that astonished me at the Beam distillery, as it would have astonished me at any other: the number of government employees milling around the place, keeping eagle eyes on the proceedings. Government men check the mash that goes into a still and the bourbon that goes into the bottles. Government men hold the keys to the storehouses where the whiskey ages; when the aged whiskey comes out of the barrels, they measure it (because bourbon increases about one proof unit a year in the barrel). The label you see on some bourbon bottles "Bottled in Bond" is not a guarantee of the whiskey's quality, but that it is at least four years old and was bottled at 100 proof.

At the Beam distillery, the government men were on cozy terms with everybody else, as well they might be since they are an integral part of any bourbon operation. I asked a particularly benevolent-looking one if he was a "revenooer." He said no, because the real revenooers are the one that smash up illicit stills, whereas he was a tax man pure and simple. I must say the thought of making one's wares right under the eye of your friendly tax inspector is one that throws me. But then, since the beginning of history, government has been known to take no chances on money it wants. All the more so here because since George Washington's day liquor taxes have been one of government's major support. For a typical fifth of bourbon costing $4.75 retail (the national average), the cost of making, marketing and selling comes to $1.99; federal, state and local taxes to $2.76, 58 per cent of the retail price.

But let us tiptoe away from these melancholy statistics. If you want to stretch your bourbon money, follow the advice of Al Durante, vice president of the Bourbon Institute. As we know, Americans more and more favor light whiskeys, and the 100-proof, bottled-in-bond bourbons account for less than 10 per cent of sales today. But bourbon lovers do well to buy it instead of the lighter 86-proof kind. Because, says Al, bourbon should always be diluted with water by half; 100-proof straight whiskey will paralyze you. And as long as you're stretching the alcohol, you get more to stretch in a 100-proof bottle with its 50 per cent alcohol than in an 86-proof bottle with its ratio of 43 per cent alcohol to 57 per cent distilled water.

As to how to drink bourbon, far be it from me to get myself into any controversy. Suffice it to say that city dwellers may have to go easy on the traditional bourbon and branch: branch being water from the clear, swift streams that Southerners call branches. So much water (and not only in the cities) is now so heavily chlorinated and purified that it will kill the taste of bourbon or anything else (that's why I use a simple water purifier in my kitchen, attached to the faucet). When the water is horrid, mix your bourbon with bottled pure spring water.

As for mint juleps, they are a state of mind as much as a drink. Let me only say that Kentucky's famous writer, Irvin S. Cobb, claimed that any man who made a mint julep with rye instead of bourbon would put a scorpion in a baby's bed. Bourbon the liquor must be, but how to make the julep? To each his own. If any readers want bourbon recipes, write to me and I'll get them some.

For those of us who, besides the pleasure of sipping a good bourbon, require an active hobby, there are Beam bottles to collect. The Beam people have been making decorative china and glass bottles for special customers and special occasions for years. They are indeed extraordinary bottles, real Americana. There is an Idaho Centennial Bottle with a snowy pine tree and a skier, one for Harold's Club in Reno making like a slot machine, one in the shape of a baseball and so on and on, an infinite variety of themes and shapes

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and colors. There are State series, Trophy series, Odd-ball series, Political series, Centennial series, Customer specialties and many more. Collecting these bottles is a widespread hobby, for which a book, *Beam Bottles* by Cembura and Avery (139 Arlington Avenue, Berkeley, California 94707; $4.95), has been produced, as an identification and price guide.

The Beam bottles sometimes fetch high prices; one called "Foremost Pink Speckled Beauty" costs $330. And one, produced in the small quantity of a hundred to be given as table prizes at a dinner for Vice President Agnew, is said to be worth $2,800. □

KULCHUR

BERNARD F. DICK

'Love Story': It's Required

When Erich Segal first began working the talk-show circuit, he performed services for television audiences that had not been rendered since the time of *Omnibus*: He explained to a confused Shelley Winters the difference between de facto and de jure, translated Sappho's bisexuality into readily understandable terms ("AC/DC"), delivered one of Catullus' epigrams in the original Latin without benefit of scansion, and recited a poem from the *Greek Anthology*.

But soon hubris set in, and when Mike Douglas soberly commented that *Love Story* was now required reading in Philadelphia (an exaggeration, but not without a kernel of truth), Segal replied with an equally sober rejoinder: "As a Classicist, I'm glad I produced a classic."

In a world where the banal is enshrined and the profound equated with a homosexual conspiracy, *Love Story*, which the *New York Times* called "not even semiserious literature" and which the National Book Award committee openly ridiculed, is being taught in a growing number of high schools and colleges. As usual, it was our committed teachers who decided, after a "meaningful dialogue" with their pupils, that *Silas Marner* may have been where it was, but *Love Story* is where it's at.

As for the kids: the radicals despised it, for they felt Jenny should have died making bombs in the cellar of a West Village brownstone. The serious students ignored it, preferring to immerse themselves in Hesse and Vonnegut. But the others who constitute the no-man's-land between the two minorities succumbed to its magic. Girls proudly claimed they *were* Jenny Cavilleri (give or take a few years), and some of the jocks even deferred their quest for manhood and shed a few tears, however silently, for the most tragic death in literature since Lucy Gray perished in a snowstorm.

Sociologists have tried to explain the success of *Love Story* (the novel and the film) by arguing that it is more typical of the present generation than one may think. The Children of Woodstock, for all their skinny-dipping, open love-making and pot-smoking, are as sentimental as Louisa May Alcott's Little Men and Little Women. Since romance has been forcibly removed from their lives, they sought it in celluloid—in the great love stories of the Thirties and Forties. But they could not return to the days when Van Johnson courted June Allyson or when Henry Aldrich and his date sipped an ice-cream soda for two as they gazed at each other, moonstruck and starry-eyed. For two vital elements were lacking in the old movies: sex and profanity. Sex was not even practiced in marriage, let alone in the single state. And when Andy Hardy said "darn," mothers in the audience instinctively wanted to wash his mouth out with Octagon soap.

The kids wanted the spirit of the Forties' movies with the language of today, and Erich Segal provided both.

He was so successful that Judith Crist, who voted *Love Story* one of the Ten Worst Films of 1970, advised viewers to bring a roll of toilet paper instead of a box of Kleenex. Now the kids have their book, their movie, their song, their stars and, of course, their author.

The teen-agers who balked at reading *Romeo and Juliet* in senior English because it was written in a language as unfamiliar to them as Latin now have a tale of star-crossed lovers in a style which any third-grader sufficiently versed in the vernacular can comprehend.

Love Story has become the great leveler, uniting misguided teachers and poor students in the common bond of illiteracy. Sparsely written, devoid of characterization, composed of skeletal scenes rather than chapters, it is the Hollywood director's dream and the discerning reader's nightmare. It defies every principle of fiction one has been taught, and yet it is being taught. The victims are, as always, the "average kids"—the kids who lost their way in the glossary while reading *Romeo and Juliet* and received, as a reward for their misspent efforts, a book that would provide the same catharsis.

UNFORTUNATELY, academe would not allow the kids to have their catharsis privately. Back in the mid-Fifties, teachers found that they could stay young by teaching what their students were reading. Thus *Catcher in the Rye*, which most of us read privately (often under the bed covers with a flashlight) entered the classroom. At first we were more shocked than amused: *Our* book in freshman English? We laughed among ourselves and devised questions that the teacher could put to the pupils: "Discuss the symbolism of the title (20 per cent)." "What play did Holden see that starred the Lunts (10 per cent)?" "Is Holden a persona for Salinger (25 per cent)?" Our laughter turned to dismay when we discovered that these were precisely the questions the teachers were asking on their tests. One can envision similar questions on the first *Love Story* test: "Relate the epigraph from Catullus to the novel as a whole (10 per cent)." "What is palliative leukemia (20 per cent)?" "Where is Harvard (50 per cent)?"

Love Story represents more than a case of a bad novel being taught. The tendency to replace the classics with pulp suggests a complete reversal of the

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educator's function. Previously, the teacher was committed to elevating the student to a vision of life that could only be achieved through art. One believed, perhaps naïvely, that contact with greatness could produce greatness. Now teachers are paring their values down to a naked filament as they await the zero hour of education: the abolition of the core curriculum, the dropping of requirements, and (in the best tradition of the London blitz) the unchecked awarding of degrees.

Ezra Pound said: "Better mendacities than the classics in paraphrase." Today one would be lucky to get the classics in paraphrase. □

RECORDINGS

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

How Slow Is Fast?

When a performer has worked up a piece of music almost to concert readiness, he faces one final decision: He must choose the tempo. His choice is utterly personal, a strange circumstance in an art whose very being is temporal. Yet it is true that until the twentieth century most composers have been content to issue only the most roundabout indications of tempo. And the further back we go, the more we're in the dark about such matters. The question of how fast a piece of music should be taken is up for discussion at all times, and the range of choice is marvelous. I have selected two recent recordings of Bach's organ music as a case in point: Anthony Newman's single disc on Columbia (MS 7421), and Lionel Rogg's three-volume, nine-record Epic set (B3C 166, 169, 173).

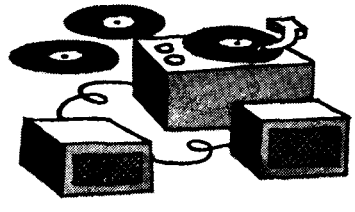
I would like you to consider in particular the Newman and Rogg performances of the Toccata and Fugue in F Major (BWV 540). The difference in tempo is startling. Before getting into details, I should explain that a piece of music falls apart at all speeds below a certain minimum playing speed; once you have got it to that minimum speed where it hangs together ("breathes," "moves"), then any increase in tempo, no matter how small, has the effect of altering the real substance of the music. In practice, a 10 per cent increase in speed will work a revolution in the sound and feeling of the performance.

Newman takes the Toccata and Fugue at a speed I measured at 32.7 per cent faster than Rogg (10:18 *v.* 13:40).

Now this is remarkable, but what is even more remarkable is that Newman's increase in tempo is not general; nor is Rogg's more deliberate pace. They choose very similar tempi for the Toccata; Newman gets through it in 6:30, only 7.7 per cent ahead of Rogg's seven minutes flat. That leaves the Fugue for the great divide, and the two musicians make two different pieces of music out of it. Newman manages the Fugue in 3:48, Rogg takes it in a full six minutes forty seconds: Newman is 75.4 per cent speedier than Rogg here. What gives?

Newman is trying to revolutionize Bach-playing. He contends that Bach's contemporaries reported that Bach took everything at a lively clip (Bach was a brilliant instrumentalist). Newman has clearly concluded that if he plays as fast as possible, he'll be as close to Bach as a man can get. Then—why does Newman take the Toccata so slow? A mere 7.7 per cent faster than the traditional European style of Lionel Rogg? Or Biggs?

No, it won't do. I think Newman is merely dashing through the material in order to make a splash. He has indeed splashed. Whether he drowns is another matter. He has time (tempo) in which to rethink the business.



I mentioned at the start that the last thing a performer decides is the tempo. Performers have a habit of altering their tempi as they grow older. They discover that a piece of music sounds better if it is played more slowly. Paradox arrives: Some music sounds "faster" at a slower speed. The explanation must lie in the psychology of hearing. I am convinced that there is an upper limit to the number of distinct impressions the human ear can register in a given period of time. A scale played fast enough is not a scale (a sequence of different pitches) but a tone-cluster (a congregation of different pitches). As the speed increases, the number of distinct impressions per second decreases: The music is diluted, flattened, debilitated. Any music student can play anything at an impossibly fast tempo; only the great technicians can take it at "impossibly slow" speed.

Bach's music—polyphonic, intellectual, architectural—has more density, more substance per note, than the music of any other composer. Bach must have known this. He must have known that to race through his own scores would be to becloud and muddy up the niceties he had labored. If he played slowly enough to explicate the complexities and interrelationships to the listening ear—he would give the impression of producing a dense concatenation of marvels. He would *sound* fast—at a modest tempo. Wouldn't Johann Sebastian Bach have known this? Every musician over the age of thirty seems to know it.

Further: Bach didn't play in "controlled" conditions for a microphone cannily situated away from the echo and bounce. He played in churches designed for worship, not for acoustical serenity. Some notes would be three or four seconds dying. Play two or three of them in one or two seconds and you have lost the scale and achieved a tone-cluster again. The acoustics of an ancient church would contribute to the impression of blinding speed. Don't we give the good Bach credit for enough brains to figure that out?

There is the modernist argument that music is "absolute," a system of interrelationships sealed off from the outside world, interrelationships that remain fixed no matter how slow or fast the speed. I think the architecture and psychology of acoustics dispose of that contention. Just as in rhetoric we learn that a judicious use of "null" words will space out the working elements of our discourse, so in music we should know that a certain amount of time must intervene between major "points" in a piece. Between one note and the next. The more you know about a piece of music, the slower you can play it and make sense out of it; musicians are in agreement that they keep "discovering" more and more in Bach as they play him through their lifetimes; that is why they play him, and other composers, slower and slower as time goes on.

I vote for Rogg all the way. I predict that we'll hear Newman at Rogg's pace within ten years. The entire three-volume set of Rogg is the cornerstone of any collector's library. It's the most solid and satisfying Bach-playing I've yet heard. See if you don't agree! □

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RODMAN

(Continued from page 760)

bishop Ismael Rolón was invested January 27. On February 4 Rolón refused to attend the first meeting of the Council and said in an open letter that he would stay away until the political reforms the Church has been insisting on are made. On February 16 the president of the Council said he had no authority to excuse Rolón's absence. On February 22 the Council of Bishops gave its full support to the Archbishop. Early in March Father Uberfil Monzón, a Uruguayan priest who had been giving seminars in Asunción for the Council of Bishops, was arrested. The police, when finally forced to admit that they were holding him, said Monzón was a Tupamaro and that he "denied" being an authentic priest. The bishops expect the next reprisal to be a termination of the Church's $72,000 annual subsidy from the government.

Is the American presence in Paraguay "reactionary" or "sensible," pro-Stroessner or correctly neutral?

I had a long talk with United States Ambassador Ylitalo and with his predecessor, Ambassador Fernandez, and found both diplomats objective in their assessment of the "ins" and "outs." Ambassador Fernandez questioned what he called "the liberal fantasy of commentators like John Gunther" that Latin American dictators either impose themselves on an unwilling people by force or are imposed by Americans. "This presupposes that there are plenty of good democrats hiding somewhere who could govern their countries effectively if given the chance. Stroessner did not create the situation here in Paraguay; Paraguay's situation created him. That is, he walked into the usual state of anarchy in Paraguay and gave the leaderless country a strong government. That it's not our kind of government goes without saying."

"In Latin America," he continued, "the only sense of responsibility is to one's family. Never to society. And the educational process places no emphasis either on objectivity or self-discipline. Education *plus* the franchise, even if totally realized as in Uruguay, does not produce either responsible citizens or efficiency. Uruguay and Paraguay have all that it takes to be agricultural paradises, yet only 2.5 per cent of the incredibly fertile soil in each country is cultivated. Until there is pragmatic education and the basic sense of values is altered, neither country has much chance of realizing its potential." Both were sure that the government would win close to 65 per cent of the vote in a completely free election (the Colorados polled 75 per cent in the municipal elections last fall), and that the affection for Stroessner among the peasants was genuine.

The U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) gives Paraguay about $2 million annually, and the nation gets $10 million in an average year in loans—mostly Inter-American Development Loans—for education, agriculture, roads etc. (only $150,000 goes to military assistance). This is about the amount we give Central American countries with comparable populations, Ambassador Ylitalo pointed out.

Few in the embassy agree with the churchmen that Paraguay's greatest disaster was winning the Chaco War, thus avoiding the social revolution that was Bolivia's price for losing it. For one thing, many of the Americans (unlike most of the priests) have been in Bolivia, where conditions, despite far greater natural resources, are infinitely worse. But the Americans do look at the Stroessner system with open eyes. Stroessner, they are quick to point out, sees his friends growing rich, hears few complaints from the *campesinos*, and so concludes that Paraguay is prospering. "He doesn't invest his foreign loans wisely," one economist said. "He doesn't develop industries to export Paraguayan products like finished woods. Instead of selling cattle on the hoof to Brazil and Argentina, Paraguay should be developing a chilling, packing and canning industry of its own. And it should be giving incentive to farmers to improve their breeds."

"Stroessner either doesn't *care*," said an AID official, "about the corruption that is slowing down his economy, or he doesn't hear about it. All this red tape, payoffs, kickbacks to relatives and political henchmen, makes efficiency impossible. We have a strong commitment to help the economy develop, and we try to give assistance that will speed up growth and short-circuit graft. But we also know it may not work, so we keep lines of communication open with the priests and the youth. The Church —through its sermons, laymen's clubs and cooperative leagues—says that agrarian reform, either by taxation or expropriation, is the only answer. Personally, I feel that colonization of those vast unused lands *would* work—if accompanied by the necessary program of credits, seed, technical advice and feeder roads. But the time is short. Stroessner can't live forever and nothing is being done to groom an acceptable successor. Once he goes, the Colorado Party will split into factions and all the contradictions now tolerated by most Paraguayans will surface." □

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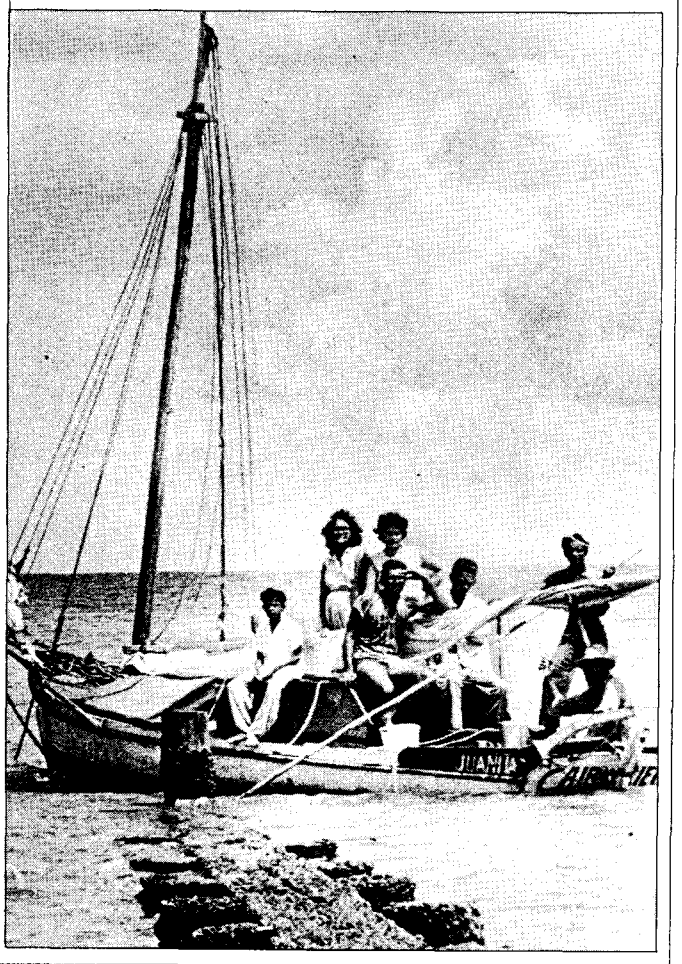
and Lau Fau Shan.
picked
Red junk searches Deep Bay for bodies
A COMMUNIST gun junk was yesterday on duty in the
middle of Deep Bay picking up floating bodies of drowned
freedom swimmers.
The junk could be seen most of the day cruising
in the bay, stopping every few yards so the crew

The desperate desire of the Chinese people to be free is indicated in the headlines (above) reprinted from Hong Kong papers. Hundreds are risking their lives to swim from Red China to Hong Kong — already teeming with two million refugees. In the last year, 10,000 Chinese escaped from the Mainland to Hong Kong.

Cuba



On the other side of the world from China, a thousand Cubans are leaving their fear-ridden country every week. Many of them escape in boats and makeshift rafts, as the one shown above. They arrive in the free world penniless, but determined to support themselves and to raise their children in freedom.

China and Cuba are only two of the many dictatorships that are creating refugees in search of human dignity and freedom. These people urgently need emergency aid and the chance to build new lives in the free world. Americans have traditionally helped others fleeing from oppression — can we in good conscience turn our backs on today's refugees, and their children?

The International Rescue Committee provides emergency and resettlement aid for refugees on five continents who have fled from political and religious tyranny. IRC, a voluntary agency founded in 1933, depends on American donations, which are tax-deductible.

This advertisement was donated by Kenneth H. Gibson

INTERNATIONAL RESCUE COMMITTEE • 368 Park Avenue South • New York, New York 10016

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Idealism and Foreign Policy

On The Right

New York, June 26—A gentleman of the press writes me, not without glee, to remark what he clearly conceives as an irony, to wit that on the very same day, the press published a paragraph by me and a paragraph (from a memorandum written in 1965) by the Assistant Secretary of Defense making my own paragraph look positively sick in its misjudgment.

I had written, after analyzing the arguments of John Kerry [*NR*, June 29], "Myself, I will listen patiently, decades hence, to the those who argue that our commitment in Vietnam, and our attempt to redeem it, were tragically misconceived. I shall not listen, ever, to those who say that it was less than the highest tribute to national motivation, to collective idealism, and to international rectitude."

The McNaughton draft, done for Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, is in style and content rendered in the telegraphese beloved of the boss. "1. U.S. aim: 70%—To avoid a humiliating U.S. defeat (to our reputation as a guarantor). 20%—To keep SVN [South Vietnam] (and the adjacent) territory from Chinese hands. 10%—To permit the people of SVN to enjoy a better, freer way of life. ALSO (caps in the originals)—To emerge from crisis without unacceptable taint from methods used. NOT—To 'help a friend,' although it would be hard to stay in if asked out."

"That was hardly an idealistic statement of U.S. purposes," *Time* magazine commented, disgustedly.

Oh?

Notice that notwithstanding his determination to compress his thoughts into the fewest words, Mr. McNaughton felt it necessary to indicate exactly what he meant by "humiliation." He meant something quite different from what it is that one experiences in Chicago when The Wild Ones take an American flag and burn it in the park. One experiences, on such occasions, a sense of humiliation, of hurt, and, emphatically, one suffers along with one's country: but the whole of one's experience is spiritual.

The Department of Defense was talking about something utterly concrete: about the humiliation to "our reputation as a guarantor." Now, if the United States' reputation as a guarantor is humiliated, much else happens than that sinking spirit in the patriotic breast. What happens is things like wars, conquests and enslavement.

"Many people seem to think one can ignore treaties at will," Eugene Rostow, who with his brother Walt was closely involved during the years the Pentagon Papers are discussing, writes me. "Those who profess to be supermoral and criticize others for being immoral, have the breathtaking habit of assuming that treaties are scraps of paper. That really isn't true, and can't be true, if a nation (or politician) wishes to retain any influence at all. Churchill said of the decision to go into Greece that Britain could afford to lose a battle, but not her honor. Did you read Eban's recent public account of what de Gaulle told him in May 1967, when Eban invoked the ironclad guaranty France had given Israel less than ten years earlier? The political meaning of these documents is not in the fine print, but in their deterrent power, if any. If we don't want to have to fight off the Ostrogoths every five minutes, then an American commitment has to be respected completely. *Civis Romanus Sum*. That is our national security interest."

Even so. Mr. Rostow goes on to say that he has personal knowledge to the effect that President Kennedy's thinking was influenced by his knowledge of what commitments President Eisenhower made. In turn, President Johnson was influenced by the decisions of his predecessors.

And, even now, precisely the anti-Wilsonian rigor of McNaughton's analysis ("10%—To permit the people of SVN to enjoy a better, freer way of life") makes it historically sensible that we stood by our treaty obligations, thereby increasing the prospects for improving life in SVN, but only as incidental to the main purpose for which we acted: our pursuit of collective idealism and international rectitude. □

THE PAPERS

New York, June 28—Concerning the unfolding drama of the Pentagon Papers, a few observations:

1. The general naïveté is distressing. Conservatives, who distrust government and rail against the aggrandizement of it, precisely do so because they know how government tends to operate, how government saps social energy, and distorts ethical norms. But to expect that government will operate otherwise than it does is quite simply unrealistic. One can simultaneously disapprove in the abstract of a particular practice, while recognizing that the practice is essential to the performance of a particular duty. For instance lying.

General Eisenhower, who by contrast with his successors was our Ethelred the Unready, simply "lied" when asked if the airplane that had been brought down over Soviet Russia was an American spy plane. A day or so later, when it was obvious that the lie would not be digested, President Eisenhower's assistants morosely admitted to the truth, and whiff! there went the Spirit of Camp David, which had been bottled only a few months before.

So it goes with the Pentagon Papers. The principal complaints have to do with government dissimulation. Governments must dissimulate. The wag who defined a diplomat as someone sent abroad to lie for his country was not a caricaturist, but a candid photographer. Everybody knows that totalitarian governments lie to the people. Not everybody knows that democratic governments lie to the people. Only we do not call it "lying"—for a very good reason. We feel, in our pores, the ethical difference between, let us say, a Khrushchev who insists that he desires democracy for Hungary, which is why he sent the tanks to Budapest; and an Eisenhower, who said he knew nothing of spy planes over Russia, when what he wished to do was to protect government secrets the accumulation of which was designed not to give the United States such power as is necessary to crush Freedom Fighters in Budapest and in other capitals of the world, but to give

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the United States such power as is necessary to restrain Russian tanks from rolling over Freedom Fighters in other capitals of the world.

2. The Pentagon Papers reveal that there was considerable pessimism in official Washington during 1964, which pessimism Lyndon Johnson and the State Department suppressed the expression of. Now I ask you, is that to pass as A Revelation? If so, then we should have up for perjury the football coach of South Indiana State who tells his players during the half that he KNOWS that in the second half they are destined to mow down Notre Dame. It is sometimes the business of government to reveal how bad is the situation. But not often. That is why, on a famous occasion, Franklin Delano Roosevelt said that the only thing we had to fear was fear itself. That was an epigrammatic way of saying that he, Roosevelt, would take a cultivatedly optimistic line, because he was temperamentally optimistic. When he said those words, about the American economy, said economy looked a great deal worse than even the military situation in Saigon.

3. The pity of it is that people are not going to read the Pentagon Papers —well, to begin with, they're not going to read them at all. Second, they are not likely to understand them in a worldly way. Unlikely, for instance, to know that these papers, so solemnly midwived, are nothing more than memoranda expressing attitudes, contingency plans; encyclopedic lists of alternative approaches to particular problems, routine exercises in the necessary dissimulations of government. What they may breed, however, is such a demoralization as will translate itself into a cynical suspicion of the essential vitality of democratic mechanisms. That is why we must concentrate, concentrate hard, on what the papers actually reveal, and ask why it is that, already, we go about so shamefaced. □

THE EDGAR SMITH CASE

New York, June 24—Ten minutes before 1:15 P.M., the United States marshal opened the cell door and said to Edgar Smith: "Well, you may as well phone over for the bail money and get out of here." Smith lunged to the telephone in the antechamber of the federal detention center at Newark and called a friend who was standing by with the bond. As Smith talked joyfully, another telephone rang in his friend's office. It was Smith's lawyers calling in from Philadelphia. The Court of Appeals had just now reversed the judge who had ordered bail to be granted beginning at 1:15 that afternoon. Smith was returned to the cell and, the next morning, driven back to the death house at Trenton, to log yet more days and nights on the record he has already established as the longest inhabitant of a death cell in American history.

He was not permitted direct access to the press, but a reporter, dogging a story that had made the front pages all over the United States and Canada, got hold of the driver who took Smith, handcuffed, back to Trenton. He asked him what had been Smith's reaction to this sudden, drastic reversal of fortunes. The driver replied that Smith had not said anything at all. Thus he reinforced the general impression of him as a man of infinite imperturbability. He is in fact otherwise.

"Ho! ho! ho!"—he wrote a friend a month ago, when the judge found so dramatically in Smith's favor, voiding the sentence that ordered him to the chair in the spring of 1957—"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like the winner's circle! Thanks very much for your phone call to the Warden [giving the news of his legal victory]. My mother was here at the time. I think she set the world's record for the high jump from a seated position!"

EDGAR SMITH's formidable constituency are now writing to ask questions about the future of Smith, and to express indignation at the tantalizing reversal by the court of the decision to permit Smith to get out on bail. The personal disappointment is no doubt exhaustive. But judges are not engaged to make compassionate judgments: their job is to do their best to apply the law as they understand it. It is up to chief executives to apply clemency, but they are seldom willing to move until the legal situation is finally clarified. What, then, of the future?

On July 14, the Court of Appeals will hear arguments on the State of New Jersey's appeal against the decision throwing out the guilty verdict. Some time after that, the court will announce its judgment.

If it sustains Smith, New Jersey will appeal.

If it reverses Smith, Smith will appeal.

If the Supreme Court then upholds Smith, New Jersey has said it will try him afresh, without the use of the tainted, misleading material. If there is such a trial—please take my word for it—Smith will be vindicated.

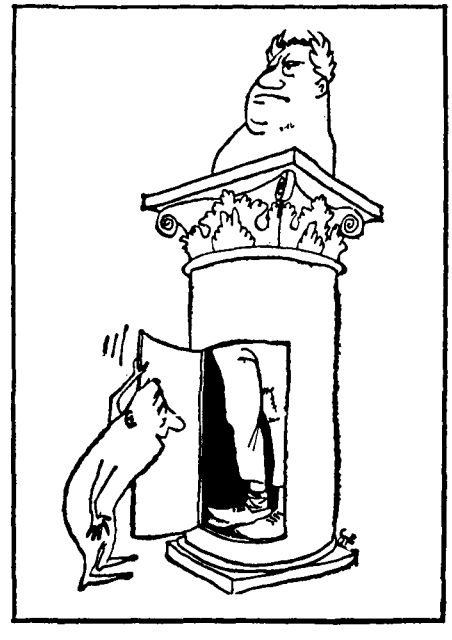
If the Supreme Court upholds a reversal, that is the end of the line for Smith.

At this point, Smith's mother having impoverished herself years ago to provide legal fees, the need is desperate for funds. Smith's heroic lawyers have bankrupted the art of philanthropy. Even so, they are eager to continue to help Smith, to whose vindication they are pledged: but money has got to be found to pay costs. Smith's earnings as a writer are insufficient, as also the contributions of his personal friends.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, taking pity on the extraordinary plight of Smith, a Quaker group volunteered to accept contributions to Smith's legal defense fund, thereby making them deductible for tax purposes, and to turn over 100 per cent of the proceeds to the lawyers. Checks should be made out to "New York Yearly Meeting," and they should be sent to Mr. Gardiner Angell, 131 Popham Road, Scarsdale, New York 10583.

When Smith got the news of his successful appeal, he received a telegram from a stranger. "JUST RETURNED FROM VIETNAM AND READ THE CURRENT ESQUIRE. HAVE TIRED OF STRUGGLES, BUT PLEASED TO HEAR TONIGHT OF YOUR VICTORY. I HOPE THE CHANGES BROUGHT ON BY THE YEARS OF FRUSTRATION ARE ENOUGH TO GUIDE YOU AND OTHERS TO FURTHER PATIENCE AND ULTIMATE PEACE. CONGRATULATIONS. PETER GILLETTE, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY." Struggling makes one whole in this world, which is why we must help to make Smith innocent in every sense of the word. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Girl's name meaning "gift of God" — 49 156 140 45 120 42 14

B. *Typical of or befitting a wife* — 57 108 141 123 179 3 168

C. A type of storm — 69 31 105 82 103 157 181

D. Badgers — 117 43 10 127 91 118 158

E. He will *flip* for the drinks — 125 18 165 106 37 28 15

F. A U. S. fashion designer, *born in France* — 148 86 172 71 109 93 166

G. He almost became governor of Minne*sota* — 151 175 167 138 171 107 32

H. Women's loose dressing gowns — 99 11 46 164 56 19 110

I. People who steal — 13 16 24 33 149 6 58

J. What Doctor John H. Watson received — 121 92 146 4 159 98 53

K. A *strait*, especially one in which the flow of water is violent — 137 173 5 160 96 144 34

L. *Unscramble* WHAT COP? — 155 9 65 143 130 111 61

M. A small mouselike rodent — 38 112 20 78 134 48 102

N. A forgetting or overlooking of any past offense — 47 21 113 176 126 30 83

O. Treats with malice — 8 27 51 60 70 75

P. Drew air through the nose in short, audible inhalations — 63 23 79 104 89 12 129

Q. These can keep a baseball team from winning the pennant — 59 101 54 90 161 1 35 25

R. A car attached to the rear of a freight train — 87 162 174 66 72 95 50

S. A cave in central Kentucky — 142 55 36 124 119 163 133

T. Closely related, associated, or connected — 169 67 139 100 73 39 132

U. Beginning to exist or develop — 2 62 40 114 74 80 26

V. Caught sight of — 7 154 84 150 115 136

W. Expressed by written or printed words — 22 41 52 76 177 85 94

X. Beholding — 180 147 88 152 153 131 81

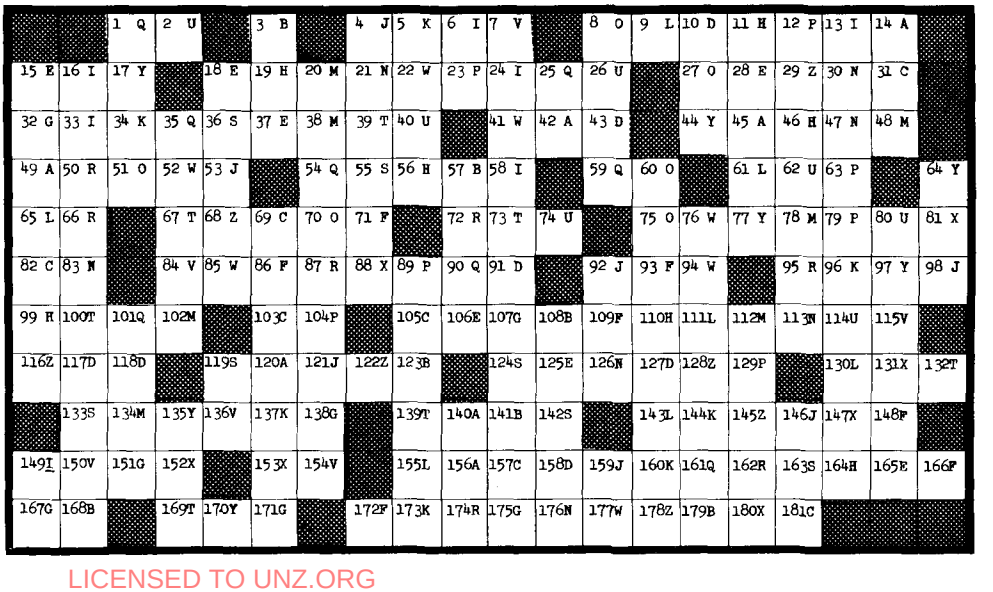
Y. Penetrated — 17 170 64 77 44 97 135

Z. Partial refunds — 29 122 145 68 116 128 178

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 774 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



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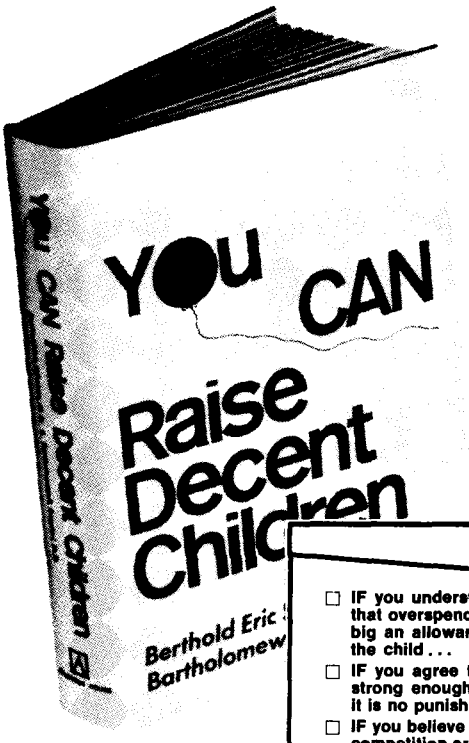

PARENTS WHO ARE WORRIED SICK:

Will this book help YOU bring up decent children?

YES

- ☐ IF you understand what is meant by the statement that overspending on a child's wardrobe, giving too big an allowance, etc., is love of *self* – not love of the child . . .
- ☐ IF you agree that a deserved punishment must be strong enough to truly inconvenience the child, or it is no punishment at all . . .
- ☐ IF you believe that good school marks and vigorous competition are *essential* to preparing a child for his adult years . . .
- ☐ IF you can answer truthfully, *"I am not intimidated by my children"* . . .
- ☐ AND IF you are not ready to give up even though the widespread permissiveness of other parents is making it so much more difficult for *you* to bring up decent children.

NO

- ☐ IF your child tells you she *must* have the same clothes and spending money as the other kids, or they'll freeze her out – *and you agree with her* . . .
- ☐ IF you believe that pot is really "just like alcohol," and should be legalized . . .
- ☐ IF you think "the pill" is the real reason for the widespread breakdown in common-sense sexual behavior – and morality . . .
- ☐ IF you believe that, no matter what, the children should always come first . . .
- ☐ AND IF you really think today's kids are much smarter than their parents were at their age.

THERE IS HOPE for the Spockmarked generation! Most parents today are worried sick. With good reason. In the last decade we've tasted the bitter fruit of permissiveness. Now we are witnessing what can truthfully be called a massive attack on our children. It threatens to wreck their lives and ours. It threatens to destroy our civilization. And it masquerades as love and progress. The time has come, say two leading doctors, to call a halt. Love *means* discipline. Permissiveness means *indifference*, often dislike of one's own children.

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But today, nobody is spared. Everyone who reads these lines knows at least one decent, conservative, God-fearing family where a son or daughter has gone bad. The crisis is nationwide. No sensible man or woman dares to feel complacent.

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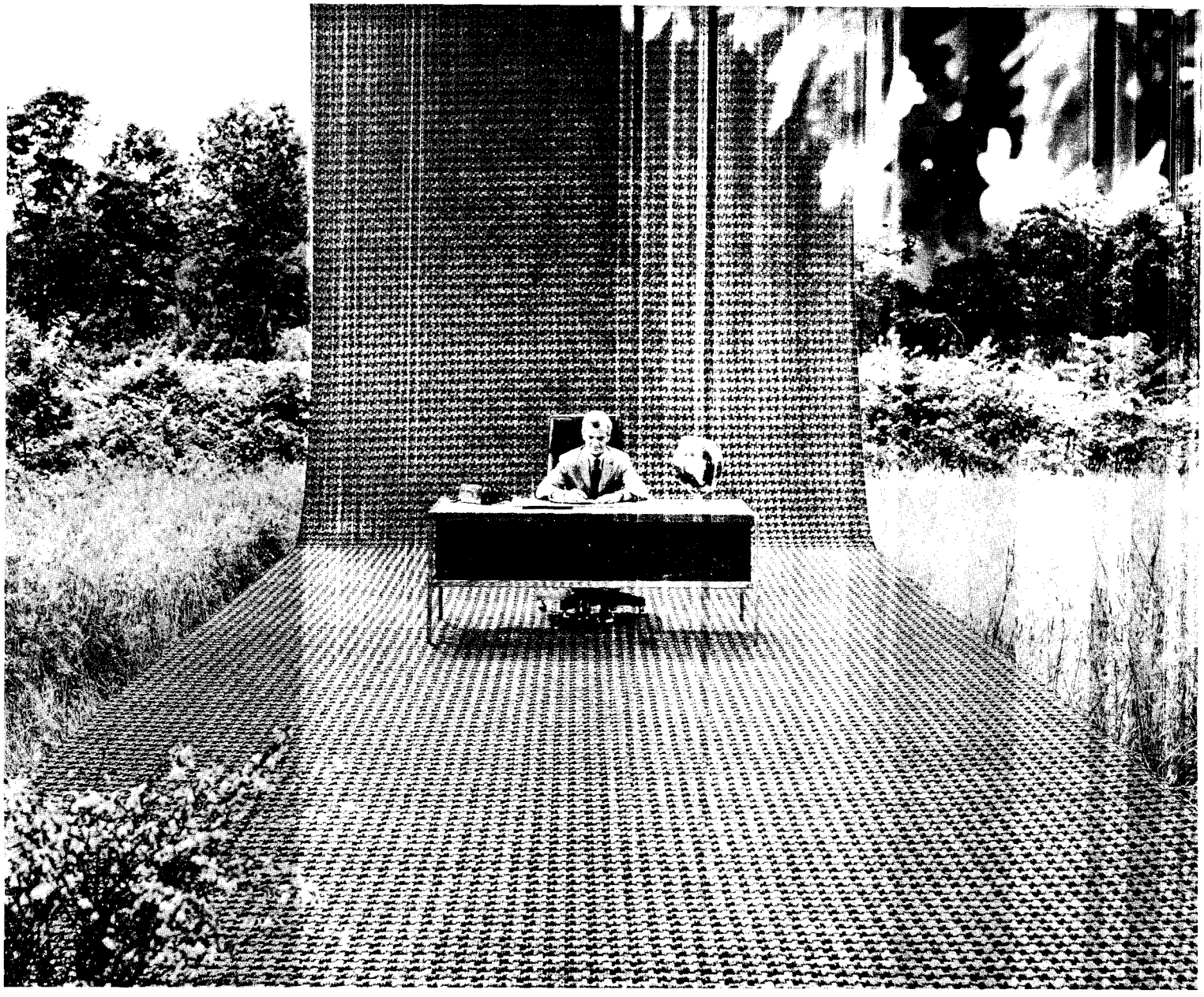

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